

MAGAZINE OF ART



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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON
MAY, 1938 • FIFTY CENTS

29th Annual Convention • ADVANCE PROGRAM

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

WASHINGTON, D. C. • MAY 23, 24, 25, 1938 • WARDMAN PARK HOTEL

MONDAY, MAY 23

Morning Session

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES

Luncheon • CHAPTER REPORTS

Afternoon Session

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN — A NEW PROFESSION
4:30—6:30 • RECEPTION, "DUMBARTON OAKS"
Guests of The Honorable and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss

Evening • ROUND TABLE DINNERS

Subjects:

LOCAL ARTISTS—HOW CAN THEY BE ENCOURAGED?
HOW CAN A MUSEUM BEST SERVE ITS REGION, OUTSIDE
OF ITS OWN BUILDING—LECTURES, LENDING COL-
LECTIONS, PRINTED MATTER?
THE MUNICIPAL ART COMMISSION—CAN IT SERVE THE
COMMUNITY?
SCHOLARSHIPS, FELLOWSHIPS AND LENDING FUNDS—
THEIR USE AND ABUSE
PROBLEMS OF TRAVELING EXHIBITIONS
LOCAL ART PUBLICITY

TUESDAY, MAY 24

Morning Session

RADIO AND ART

Luncheon • REPORTS OF DISCUSSION AT ROUND
TABLE DINNERS PREVIOUS EVENING

Afternoon Session

ART IN EDUCATION: UNITY OR CHAOS?

Evening

TEXTILE MUSEUM OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUM-
BIA—OPEN 8:00-10:00

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

Morning Session

AN IDEAL FEDERAL ARTS BILL—OPEN FORUM

Luncheon • CHAPTER REPORTS

Afternoon Session

A. F. A. Business

RESOLUTIONS

ELECTIONS

Evening • FINAL BANQUET

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MUSIC • THEATRE • CINEMA • ARCHAEOLOGY • PHOTOGRAPHY • INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

VOLUME 31

NUMBER 5

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

BARR BUILDING • WASHINGTON

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THIS MONTH

Although **Dorothy Graffy** has often reviewed exhibitions for the *MAGAZINE* her article about Francis Speight is her first full-length portrait of an American artist. Several years ago Miss Graffy contributed a series on notable modern European sculptors. She is the daughter of the late Charles Graffy and art critic of the *Philadelphia Record*.

When he taught philosophy at Columbia **John Erskine** still found time to write and keep up with his music. His popular *Private Life of Helen of Troy*, *Galahad*, *Adam and Eve* reveal one unusual facet of the academic mind. Another, his expert musicianship (as an amateur), has led to his being made head of the Juilliard Foundation.

Representative **Otha D. Wearin** discusses his competitions bill, now before Congress, in this issue. Mr. Wearin is serving for his third consecutive term in the House and is running for the Senate in the Fall election. He has studied agricultural problems at the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome and in other countries in western Europe. He has also made a survey in Mexico.

Few men—if any—are better able to discuss the early history of Washington and of American architecture than **Morley Jeffers Williams**, architect in charge of research and restoration at Mount Vernon. He also advises in similar work at Stratford, birthplace of General Robert E. Lee.

Instrumental in starting the Museum of Costume Art in New York is **Irene Lewisohn** who writes of that institution and its plans this month.

As art and music critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle* **Alfred Frankenstein** is better able than most American critics to write about the work of Lyonel Feininger—a painter beholden to music.

Sophia Yarnall is a Philadelphian who knows her gardens. Her article on the gardens of that city is particularly timely because it coincides with the meeting there of the Garden Club of America in May.

FORTHCOMING

NEXT MONTH AND AFTER

AMERICAN TRADITION

Mary R. Beard, who collaborated with Charles Beard in writing *The Rise of American Civilization* and numerous other works, contributes her article on tradition in American art to the June number of the *MAGAZINE*.

A PAINTER LOOKS AT EL GRECO

Lois Wilcox, a painter of ability who teaches in the art department at Sweet Briar College in Virginia, writes of her reactions to the pictures of El Greco in Spain. She saw them a few weeks before the tragic Fascist uprising began. Her article is based on the notes she took and on the vivid memory of the impact of the pictures themselves.

HENRY SCHNAKENBERG . . .

a convincing American painter of things as they are, especially of Nature as it is, is the subject of Ernest Brace's one-man article in the June issue. A fine color reproduction of one of Schnakenberg's water colors, "The Railroad Cut," accompanies the critical article.

WESTERN MUSIC-CHINESE PAINTING

Stimulating analogies between western music and far-eastern painting are suggested in J. LeRoy Davidson's article scheduled for June publication.

ACADEMIC FRENCH PAINTING c. 1850

Besides participating in the symposium on realism and Courbet at Baltimore this month Eleanor Patterson Spencer of the Goucher College art department is writing an article for the *MAGAZINE* discussing aspects of French academic painting of the mid-nineteenth century. Illustrations will be drawn from the exhibition at the Walters Art Gallery.

YOUNGER MEXICANS . . .

most of whom belong to the famed L. E. A. R. (League of Revolutionary Artists of Mexico) are interpreted by Carlos Merida in an article scheduled for June. The L. E. A. R. has been having a successful exhibition in Chicago where everyone was glad to know that Mexican art has survived the decline of Rivera.

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FRANCIS SPEIGHT: "UMBRIA STREET"
Reproduced through the Courtesy of the Milch Galleries



FRANCIS SPEIGHT

BY DOROTHY GRAFLY

IN AMERICA today two types of painters are developing: those who view life with the objectivity of the journalist, keyed to the topical drama of the front page, and those who, with subjective sensitivity, recoil from the impact of what man is doing to find poetic relief in what he is thinking and feeling. Both types seek stimulus in the same material; yet derive therefrom vastly different emotional reactions.

Pennsylvania coal lands, for instance, have, within recent years, motivated the viewpoint of many an American artist. One man sees them from the sociological point of view as an aggregate of hideous gashes and excrescences breeding human ills. The emphasis is journalistic, aimed at what men do to the land and what the land does to them. From brush and stilus and lithographic crayon have come agonizing protests against injustice.

Another artist, however, may find emotional stimulation in great piles of slate-gray slag against sky and furtive foliage. He watches the sun edge leaves and grass with light, and conceives his picture as a study in contrasts. Such a viewpoint underlies the art of Francis Speight, son of a Baptist minister, who, born September 11, 1896, in the farming country of North Carolina, matured his art in the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania. He did not enter the coal fields as a crusader, but wandered there as a poet when the accident of teaching threw him in the vicinity and sent him forth to seek living quarters suited both to his brush and his pocketbook. So it has been with Speight since first, at the age of twenty-four, he arrived at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts to study painting, and to determine whether painting or poetry should rule his creative energies.

There had been poems published by the local North Carolina press, and these had so attracted the interest of Josephus Daniels, although he had never met the boy author, that for some months after he entered the Academy Francis received small checks from America's World War Secretary of the Navy. But poetry took time from art, and painting as a tool for expression was beginning to edge out literary aspirations that had spurred this southern dreamer, youngest living child in a family of twenty-one (his father, the Reverend Tom Speight, and his mother were both married twice), to aspire to ownership of his home-town newspaper, the *Windsor Ledger*.

Born in his mother's homestead in Bertie County, North Carolina, between Windsor and Lewiston, Speight had in his blood a feeling for the soil. But it was cotton raising, not coal bearing soil.

Between Francis and his older sister Tulie, studying art under Miss Ida Poteat at Meredith College, a school for girls, there had grown the strength of family ties based on similar interests. Tulie introduced her brother to art, and with unaffected simplicity still his, Francis joined the girl students in their Saturday morning class.

Just as preachers' daughters matriculated at Meredith, so preachers' sons went to Wake Forest College. Francis en-

tered and survived two years, but, torn between literary and art ambitions, he was soon saving pennies by selling newspapers and trying his hand at cotton picking.

"We got seventy-five cents a hundred weight," Speight says. "The first day I picked just sixteen pounds and got eleven cents. I was working with a Negro who was an old hand at the job, and when he paid me off he just stood there shaking his head.

" 'You ain't earned enough fer a joereek (a bird) to drink,' he told me, 'ner fer to buy a louse a pair o' pants.' "

When America entered the World War Francis came home to care for his aging father while his elder brothers enlisted. He had determined, however, to become a writer, and to illustrate his own stories.

As soon as opportunity offered he entered the school of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, and after another brief period in commercial art school, reached Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He was still a dreamy lad who wandered out into the country to compose jingles. The first year he sold ten dollars worth, but the country rather than the jingles was making an impression and Francis decided to swap words for pigments. So completely has he given himself to emotional outlet through paint that words now come haltingly.

Ranging the country with his fellow painters, Ross Braught and Kenneth Bates, Speight reached the open fields and rolling hills through the industrial uphill, down-dale street vagaries of factory-ridden Manayunk. Looking back, he watched smoke muting the sun colors of a town set on hills. Yet the edges of things seemed golden, and there was always a house to focus the interest, a yellow or red house with sunlit façade.

Says Speight: "I like to sit in the sunshine, to watch, at a distance." It is a simple statement, but rich in art philosophy. From the distance you see the whole, not the parts. You see the composite of a town, not the individuals peopling it. Even when Speight draws nearer, he holds that far vision. Thus, at a time when painters dealing with industrial subject matter agonize over the fate of the individual, Speight draws his poetry from the broader pattern. Yet the little things in life take their place as part of the design. For Speight, however, they are to canvas what words are to a poem. He sees them in their context and not as text for a sermon on human behavior.

Walking about the streets of Manayunk one day he came upon a welter of higgledy-piggledy hillside gardens, their irregularities hedged by fences of rusty iron and tin culled from waste piles. In the strong sunlight that flushed the green grass to yellow and the shadows to purple, the rust became a vermillion motif providing pattern unity. Thus Speight painted it.

Manayunk has drawn him periodically. At first he spent a year painting smoke symphonies in its valleys and hills. Then four years more, ending in what the painter considers his most successful exhibition, held in a vacant store on Main Street. Art had come to the people, and they flocked to it from gaunt,



Above: *The Pasture Gap, Sundale*, by Francis Speight. Courtesy of the Milch Galleries. Right: *Winter*, by Francis Speight. Painted in 1930, two years later than the painting above it



Francis Speight's Canal Scene, painted in 1929. Courtesy of the Milch Galleries

or squat, or pinched houses on the steep streets that Speight made emotionally vibrant. There was no word of adverse criticism. Men smoked and women talked, pointing out to each other Jim's house, or Sam's widow's backyard.

The pattern feeling for heights and depths in this smoky landscape often brings to a Speight canvas a sense of sweeping diagonals as the sun slants from the road or field of foreground across street or railroad tracks, past isolated slim block-like houses and the shadows of passers-by to misted hills across the river. Shadow and light are the ultimate burden of the design; but it is interesting to see a Speight pattern roughed in, for the initial study is more geometric than tonal, literally a skeleton to be clothed later with light.

Speight's ability to project the feeling of an industrial civilization led to an abortive venture for *Fortune*. An article was being planned to extol the physical benefits heaped by Weirton, steel manufacturing town, on its workers. Speight went

to Weirton. It was his kind of country. The smoke fascinated him as it belched from tall chimneys and wound its way up the mountain against which, in the valley, the town is set. At times the fine golf links, part of the physical advantages, surrendered to the onslaught of smoke. The painter was shown the links, the tennis courts, the swimming pool. But what he painted was the smoke rolling out of town toward the hills, and the vivid yellow and vermillion spotting of molten metal in the dark of the mills.

"It was the smoke that held me there," he says, "and then I couldn't get away from the sound of the steel bars turning over. It's a sound you can hear from one end of the town to the other."

But such was not the picture of Weirton from the Weir point of view, and Speight's impressions are now confined to his studio.

In 1925, after he returned from his second trip abroad on a Cresson Traveling Scholarship, Francis Speight re-entered the Academy as an instructor. A year later he was awarded the gold medal of the Fellowship. In the summer he taught in

Coaldale, by Francis Speight, 1932. "I saw a house against a hillside," he says. The theme of the lone, half-pathetic house catching a slant of sun



Francis Speight 1932



Between Two Houses, by Francis Speight. "His is the vision of the poet not that of a reformer. All he asks of life is the privilege to paint as he sees"

the Academy's schools at Chester Springs. Not far distant was Coal Dale, a town with much the same feeling as Manayunk, but expressed in different color terms.

"At first," says Speight, "I could see nothing picturesque in the great piles of dark slag. Then one day I saw a house against the black hillside. A little later in Mauch Chunk I saw a row of houses against a mountain, fragile, frame houses that were somehow pathetic. The picture stayed in my mind all winter, and the next summer I went up there to paint it. But it wasn't the same. It never has been since."

"I saw a house against a hillside," says Speight. It is the theme of the lone, half-pathetic house catching the slant of the sun against a hilly background that runs, fugue-like through his art.

The Coal Dale canvases are, perhaps the most dramatic that he has produced. While feeling for the scene came slowly, it achieved intensity. You sense the softness of soot piles, the

hardness of slag piles, the impoverishment of the land. Straggling trees, with yellow sun aureoles against slate-gray mounds, are strangely moving.

In 1929 Speight won first prize for oil painting in the landscape class at the thirty-eighth annual exhibition of the Washington Society of Artists. The following year brought three honors, the Fellowship prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the first Hallgarten prize at the National Academy of Design and the Kohnstamm prize at the Art Institute of Chicago. But the biggest boost he claims came in 1927 when three of his canvases passed the Carnegie Institute's jury and entered its International Exhibition.

Speight is a painter's painter. Few of his works have passed into the collections of millionaires. The art student and the art institution have been his patrons. You read, again and

(Continued on page 311)

MORE MUSIC IN SMALL TOWNS

BY JOHN ERSKINE

AUTHOR OF "HELEN OF TROY," "ADAM AND EVE," ETC. PRESIDENT OF THE JULLIARD FOUNDATION

AMERICANS THINK of music as one of those things which can be found in quantity in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities. We forget that musical talent and the love of music can be found as often in the country as in the metropolis. It is a common occurrence, and a very unfortunate one, for the talented to leave their homes in small towns, where the majority of any nation live, and concentrate in larger places, where the competition for an audience and a career is terrific.

For music the most hopeful sign is the disposition of the small towns to develop their own musical opportunities and resources. Even those of us who live in large cities realize that this development is essential to the health of the art. Musical talent, like any other product, should be of benefit first to the region which produces it. Nothing is more unsettling to the sane life of a people than the constant stripping of the soil, whether it is a literal crop that is impoverished, or a more spiritual harvest. If a boy or girl of talent is started on a musical career in a small place, you can be sure that some able teacher or some talented member of the family did most of the starting. Should the youngster stay at home, the nucleus of musical ability would gradually be enlarged until there was a healthy tradition in that place. But if the youngster goes away—the only outstanding pupil, perhaps, that the local teacher has ever had—the town will be worse off than before.

Fortunately progress toward musical self-sufficiency is now made in so many places that we almost know the rules for it, and can pass on a program. The program has been developed out of our own conditions, and perhaps would fit no others. The conditions out of which our musical development is growing are briefly these:

The typical small town in the United States has among its citizens a number of amateurs who sing and play, and at least a few musicians who once were or thought of being professionals, but who have taken up some other life work. The members of these groups are likely to be found among the fairly prosperous. They can be counted on to support any attempt to organize a concert series and bring artists of world wide reputation. They are also, unfortunately, the group who are slowest to realize that importing great artists is not the only or the most important service to music. It is often hard to interest them in local talent.

But there are sure to be a fair number of undiscourageable music lovers who are singing, sometimes none too well, in the church choirs. There are also a number of music teachers, faithful to their profession, according to their ability, but usually working in isolation. In many cases they once hoped to sing or play, but having become discouraged, they fall back on teaching in the hope that their pupils may have better luck in a more musical world. They can be counted on to support any reasonable program for giving the youngsters a chance.



PHOTO BY PIRIE MACDONALD

John Erskine

In the typical American town there is now a most promising musical activity in the schools. The high school is likely to have an orchestra, and there are probably some choral groups. If I were to select the most hopeful phenomenon in our musical life, I should pick these young musicians in the high schools who are better and better taught, and who follow the art with the enthusiasm of youth. The future of our music lies with them. Imagine the cordial attitude the public will take to music when out of every group of selectmen or other town officials there will be a fair proportion who have sung in an amateur production of opera, or who have played in a well trained orchestra.

In most towns there are also a few dance orchestras, jazz bands, and though we may have different opinions about the musical value of jazz, the fact will hardly be disputed that jazz players usually play well. If you were looking for good woodwinds, or trumpets or trombones, you would probably investigate the nearest dance orchestras.

Out of these elements the musical future of the American town is coming. The visiting soloist on concert tour will bring pleasure and perhaps inspiration, but the impulses for practical progress will come directly out of the life of the town itself. It took us a long time to learn this truth, but the illustrations of it are now so numerous in the United States that we can no longer shut our eyes.

The impulse may show itself first in one or more of these musical elements, rarely perhaps in all simultaneously. So far as I have observed, what most frequently happens is that some energetic person who has played in an orchestra wishes for an orchestra to play in, and talks about it until the local

graduates of the high school symphony and the older players in the town, amateur or ex-professional, come together and form an organization. Usually the resulting concerts are conducted by a local musician, perhaps a choir master, in any case by a person in whom the players have confidence or hope. Quite often this first conductor lacks the experience to take the group beyond the elements of good symphonic playing, but if the concerts have been well received, it is usually possible, through special contributions from the music lovers of the town, to import a conductor more competent.

Once the town has been persuaded of the educational value of such concerts, the high school auditorium is usually available at small cost, or none, and the receipts from the concerts, with tickets low-priced, are sufficient to pay for the rental of music and for part of the conductor's salary. In many towns the local orchestra, even in these years of depression, has come through, almost if not quite, with no deficit at all.

• • •

THIS IS the direction in which the musical life of the town most frequently develops, but if singers predominate, or if the town enjoys the presence of an energetic vocal teacher, there is no reason why choral music should not come first. Theoretically choral music should be the natural beginning. It certainly is easier for the town to finance a singing group than an orchestra, and wherever there are churches and choir masters, the chance is greater of finding a good choral leader than an experienced and available orchestra conductor.

The choral group forms itself, like the local symphony, out of the wish of men and women to perform music together for the pleasure of themselves and their neighbors. There must always be some one person to talk up the project and kindle the enthusiasm. Again the high school auditorium is secured for the public concerts, and the price of the tickets is low. The singers are recruited from all ages, chiefly, as in the case of the orchestra, from the younger generation still in high school or recently graduated. On these youngsters the musical future of the town always rests. The older folk can establish a tradition, but the young people are needed to carry it on.

A few towns, in all frankness not many, have had the good fortune to develop almost simultaneously symphonic and choral groups, but even if one comes before the other, there is a great advantage in organizing both. The orchestra can provide the accompaniment for some of the works the choral group ought to perform. At least once a year they can give a concert together. It will not be so difficult as at first it might seem to join in the annual performance of an opera. Wherever there are singers there is probably enough ambition and perhaps enough ability to put on Gilbert and Sullivan, and in time other composers. If there must always be some doubt of the amateur's ability, if we should always remember that a Gilbert and Sullivan role, like harder sounding parts, is work for an artist, yet these reflections should not stop us from trying. You can't acquire skill by postponing all performance until you are skillful, and no one can learn an art so long as he has no audience. In every art it is essential to establish a relation between the audience and the performer, and from the beginning the musical performer must practice the technique of persuading his fellows to listen to him.

In some places the orchestra players and the singers are frightened away from opera performances by the supposed cost. It is certainly expensive to give grand opera or even the lighter kind with traditional sets, costumes and properties. But even on the professional stage the tendency nowadays is toward simplicity and economy. Where there is good lighting equipment, light effects can be substituted for scenery, and there is no reason why the actors shouldn't appear in modern clothes, if period costumes are too expensive.

Any ingenious person can think of additional ways to make the production easier. At Amherst College for years Professor W. P. Bigelow produced a series of operas, light and less light, on an open stage with rows of seats banked up in the back and on the sides. There the chorus sat, frankly reading from their scores. In the clear space in the front-center the principals acted and sang their roles. The audience found the effect remarkably satisfactory, and since the chorus was excused from memorizing its parts and did not have to be drilled in the action, the labor of producing the opera was considerably diminished.

Where opera is once put on with success, it is likely to attract more and more singers of competence until an important opera season can be attempted. For such a season the principal singers can be engaged from the great opera companies, and the chorus, the orchestra, and the performers of minor parts can be supplied from the locality. When a town reaches this level of musical organization, there is a reasonable prospect of a permanent local opera company. By this time the orchestra will be reinforced by players from the dance bands, and the vocal teachers will be encouraged to greater efforts by the new opportunity for their pupils.

• • •

EVEN IN those places where no developments of the kind so far described are possible, the teachers can always initiate a musical development by joining together in the public practice of their art, or by assembling their pupils to play before relatives and friends. The music teacher in the small town may have hoped in youth for a concert career. Teaching may be a second choice, made with reluctance and resignation. Once the teaching has begun, the ambition to play is too often abandoned. But in the arts, more than elsewhere, we should practice what we teach. In some towns the teachers have formed an association for the purpose of playing to each other. So far as I know, no one of these groups has as yet played in public. Why not, if we really want a concert career? Of course this kind of concert career is very modest, but perhaps our present performing ability is modest too. No use flattering ourselves that our aim is high, if we are unwilling to begin where we can.

The public concerts for music pupils are of the utmost importance. Most boys and girls in our country take their lessons and do their practicing in solitude, have not the slightest training in public or semi-public performance, therefore break down even before other members of the family. This is true particularly of the singers and the pianists. The violinists and all those who study instruments used in the orchestra are more likely to play together, and so to learn that music can be performed even when there is another person in the room.

(Continued on page 318)



PHOTO BY HORYDCZAK.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION. The White House while being an appropriately unpretentious symbol of presidential dignity is also a fine example of American architecture democratically achieved. When it was designed the Classic Revival established the style in Europe as well.

WANTED: COMPETITIONS FOR FEDERAL BUILDINGS

BY OTHA D. WEARIN

PUBLIC ARCHITECTURE in this country is in an unhappy state. Since 1933 the great volume of government building has shown little improvement. Judged by private standards, by the standards of public buildings in other progressive nations or by the possibilities we know to be inherent in modern construction, our Federal buildings do not reflect the genius of America. There is one remedy for this situation. It is open competition in architectural design.

My bill (H. R. 9528) requiring architectural competitions, introduced in the House of Representatives, is brief and understandable. It places the entire responsibility for administering governmental architectural competitions in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury. The Treasury Department is now the principal building agency of the Government. For the last six years this department has administered a distinguished series of open competitions for painters and sculptors now at work on public commissions. The success of their competitive awards is known.

We have faith that the Treasury Department and the Procurement Division can work out fair and satisfactory details for competitions that will attract the country's best architects. The bill does not try to lay down any hard and fast rules. It is not a legislative straitjacket. It will permit reasonable experimentation and improvement of methods in the light of experience.

Imagination is not often included among the attributes of Federal construction. American architecture would unquestionably

profit by the application of more imagination. Government buildings are scattered widely throughout the nation. In many communities they are not only the principal buildings—they are the only buildings designed by architects. Here is an inescapable responsibility for leadership.

Open anonymous competitions will recruit the nation's architectural genius. Such competitions offer a fair and democratic approach in commissioning the designers of the public buildings that belong to all the people. This proposal is neither new nor an experimental innovation. In many European nations, such a method is the customary and established one of selecting designs for important buildings. Furthermore, it is no accident that the nations having open and anonymous competition display the highest level of design achievement.

Architects, chosen for important private commissions in this country, are often selected in the competitive manner. It is recognized by the American Institute of Architects as one way of arriving at a satisfactory design. It is employed successfully by universities, institutions and governmental bodies everywhere. Even our government, in the past, has resorted to this means of selecting architects with conspicuous success. One might well consider this phase of the condition confronting us.

Many of the most famous buildings in America resulted from architectural competition. The White House, for example, was designed in competition. The Washington Monument, the Capitol Building, the Lincoln Memorial and the

Pan-American Union Building are other notable examples. Washington is studded with distinguished structures, beautiful as a result of competition. Private buildings by the score testify to the same simple fact: When you want the best design give everyone an equal chance.

Some architects may object to competitions. As I have said on another occasion, architectural competitions are costly to the profession—but valuable to the nation. In the long run I believe, and many architects agree, that the resulting stimulation to the entire profession would be of enormous value. This is why the faculties of the majority of our architectural schools are in favor of the method my bill advocates. It is why the membership of the National Competitions Committee is largely composed of leading American architects.

I, personally, am interested in this competition because I believe that the city of Washington and every community in the United States, where the Federal Government erects an edifice, deserves the best our architects can produce. The Government builds to serve useful purposes and its buildings should last. Neither the Government nor the citizens who use the structures can afford to be satisfied with lasting buildings of inferior design.

Open anonymous architectural competitions will give every architect an equal chance. They will further progress the profession—something every forward-looking architect and every open-minded citizen desires. Designs will be created of which we can all feel justly proud.

Liberalization of Federal architecture will bring with it an improvement in the quality of every Federal building. All government officials should want improvement in design not to mention the resulting economies all along the line.

Finally, American communities everywhere will acquire the distinction in their Federal edifices that should characterize this country of ours.

(Continued on page 314)



PHOTO BY SAMUEL H. GOTTSCHO

THREE NOTABLE SUCCESSES FOR COMPETITION. Above: Main entrance and tower of the Nebraska State Capitol, Lincoln. Bertram G. Goodhue's winning design spelled the doom of the heavy dome as a necessity for all official buildings. Below: Familiar, impressive examples of what competitions can achieve: The Washington Monument and the United States Capitol. There are many others just as pertinent



PHOTOS BY HORYDCZAK





QUICK SKETCH BY L. A. ENER

ARLINGTON RIDGE ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE POTOMAC IS THE NATURAL TERMINUS OF THE EAST-WEST AXIS STOPPED AT THE EAST BY THE CAPITOL. THE MASONRY FORM IN UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THIS SKETCH MERELY MARKS THE SITE; THE DESIGN IS UNDETERMINED.

A SITE FOR A MEMORIAL

BY MORLEY JEFFERS WILLIAMS

THE PROPOSAL TO place a memorial to Jefferson south of the Washington Monument on the White House axis has been attacked on many grounds. All to date have missed the fundamental point that the original planners contemplated no such obstruction. Much has been said about the sacredness of the L'Enfant plan and years of effort have gone into bringing the Mall into conformity with that document. From an inspection of the early plans it at once becomes obvious that Washington and L'Enfant considered the Mall to be the lesser of the two great vistas. Important as has been the rescue of the Mall, how much more important is it that the integrity of the plan be preserved with respect to the great north-south axis.

The choice of site for the new Federal City was left to the first President. Records show that Washington gave personal attention to the task and that he and L'Enfant collaborated in fixing the *parti*.

The *Times and Patowmack Packet* for the twentieth of October, 1790, tells us that "President George Washington viewed the country adjacent to the Patowmack in order to fix upon a proper situation for the Grand Columbian Federal City."

With regard to the site chosen for the President's House L'Enfant wrote Washington on the twenty-second of June 1791, that it was "situated on that ridge which attracted your attention at the first inspection of the ground on the west side of the Tiber entrance" . . . and "ten or twelve miles down the Patowmack front it will see [over] the town and harbor of Alexandria." Again he wrote that it would "stand to the view of the whole city."

If the object were simply to place the house on a height better sites could have been chosen. The high ground extended all across the city, and at Twenty-fourth Street, in particular, is much more prominent. What is important is that the point selected is at the center of a great river vista, which extends southward over the water for thirteen miles and finally touches the Maryland shore below Fort Washington.

The early maps invariably demonstrate that the south view was to be kept open and that the Mall was of secondary importance. On one the Mall is greatly reduced in width, a number show it interrupted by cross streets, and none suggest that it was ever intended to cross the White House axis.

In those early years the convenient mode of travel was by water. Visitors to the Federal City, and particularly those from foreign countries, arrived by boat. This is significant

rounding the bend in the river just above Mount Vernon, he saw, miles off, at the end of an almost artificially straight course of the river and at the heart of the new city, the home and offices of the chief executive. It will be difficult to find anywhere a more dramatic shot. Louis XIV with all the magnificence of Versailles could do no better.

To use words from Washington's own vocabulary, this was design in the grand manner. Washington's treatment of his own property proves that he was quite aware of the value of such views. There he cut one vista to a distance of four miles, or, until limited by the topography. If further proof is needed it can be found in the authors which he studied.

Jefferson, too, was aware of the necessity of keeping the view south from the President's house unobstructed. In 1807 a road was built along the south boundary of the house grounds. Correspondence tells us that it was depressed and so screened by mounds and a low ridge that it could not be seen from the house.

No published map before 1850 shows any interruption of the view. In that year the first indication of the Washington Monument appears, but to one side of the axis. The following year a circle was shown which gave the first indication of the thought that led finally to the development of the present ellipse. Andrew Jackson Downing was responsible for the circle and in suggesting it he completely missed the simple grand

MAP OF 1851 ON WHICH APPEARS THE FIRST HINT OF ANYTHING WHICH MIGHT CLOSE THE VISTA SOUTH FROM THE WHITE HOUSE



ALL MANUSCRIPT PLANS COURTESY OF DIVISION OF MAPS, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Top: 1791. PART OF A SKETCH MAP BY L'ENFANT WITH CENTER LINES OF PROPOSED STREETS AND PUBLIC AREAS. LEFT CENTER IS WHITE HOUSE SITE ON RIDGE MENTIONED IN L'ENFANT'S LETTER TO WASHINGTON. THE MALL'S CENTER LINE IS LOWEST HORIZONTAL ON THE MAP. Center: 1793. PART OF A MSS. MAP BY ELLICOTT. NOTE THAT WHILE THE SOUTH VISTA REMAINS OPEN THE MALL IS REDUCED IN IMPORTANCE. Bottom: 1818. PART OF A MAP BY R. KING, SURVEYOR OF THE CITY, TAKEN FROM "ACTUAL SURVEY AS LAID OUT ON THE GROUND." NOTE THAT THE SOUTH VISTA WAS NOT CROSSED BY THE NOW DOMINANT MALL



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QUICK SKETCH PLAN BY L. A. ENERSEN

Above: THE LOGICAL SITE FOR THE JEFFERSON MEMORIAL LIES ACROSS THE POTOMAC TO THE WEST. THE SOUTH VISTA FROM THE WHITE HOUSE SHOULD REMAIN OPEN. *Left:* RECENT COAST AND GEODETIC CHART SHOWING THE STRAIGHT RIVER VIEW FROM THE WHITE HOUSE. REMOVAL OF A SMALL NUMBER OF TREES WOULD REESTABLISH THE PROSPECT FROM THE LIVING ROOM LEVEL OF THE WHITE HOUSE ON ITS EMINENCE



conception in his zeal to impose the then current landscape style.

If the ideas of Washington and L'Enfant are sacred, the view south of the White House should be kept open. The river view exists and cannot be ignored. As a further consideration property along the river is passing into the hands of the government at an increasing rate. While the areas are outside of the District, the uses pertain to the Government of the United States. The river must, and will eventually, be thought of in relation to development within the District, and the river vista will assume an importance greater than that which the Mall now possesses, and as great as was intended by the original designers.

This last may possibly be considered as a modern adaptation or interpretation of the old plan, but one that was provided for in 1791.

The Mall development, like that southward along the river, cannot be arbitrarily kept within the political boundaries of the District. On paper the west end of the Mall is at the river's edge. Actually it is not here, but at the crest of the rise beyond the river. From wherever viewed, the Capitol, Monument, Lincoln Memorial or Constitution Avenue, the view goes through. And the eye searches in vain for the terminal structure that is not there. If an adequate and significant site is required for a memorial to a great man, whether Jefferson or someone else, what better could be found?

The suggestion of placing the Jefferson Memorial in the Tidal Basin seems to have been prompted chiefly by a desire for symmetry about the Mall axis. The site across the river extends the Mall to its natural end and achieves a similar symmetry about a more important axis. From this new point is to be had one of the finest views of the Capital City. Washington is rare among the great cities of the world in that it is so beautiful and yet offers so few vantage points from which large numbers of people can conveniently see and comprehend.

The reasons, practical, sentimental and esthetic, for keeping the south vista open are numerous, and there are as many which call for a recognition of the fact that the Mall cannot be made to halt at the river, but does in fact extend beyond.



Julian Levi: "Route 22, Connecticut." In the show by An American Group being circulated by The American Federation of Arts

AN AMERICAN GROUP, INC.

BY ERNEST BRACE

IN SPITE of grave warnings by comfortably aloof individualists that art and organization are as incompatible as Wall Street and Union Square, it becomes daily more difficult to find among the younger artists individuals completely free of any taint of united action. Even the reverend academicians are capable of uniting their suave fronts to preserve and secure advantages not entirely devoid of economic reason. To the general public it is still somewhat bewildering to discover that the artist, who once seemed quite content to starve glamorously in his garret, now belligerently joins unions, attends congresses, allies himself with groups of his fellows, and even pickets the offices of a benign government. To many heretofore indulgent patrons and armchair lovers of romance it seems esthetic treason for artists to manifest a preference for nourishment to starvation, and a place in society to Parthian nose-thumbing.

Historically it would not be difficult to prove the *vie de Bohême* to be a route following disastrous conflict rather than a romantic ideal or a proof of necessary individualism. Artists have frequently proved their ability to organize themselves into more or less formal groups, but it is only now, when the basis of organization has broadened, when economic necessity has forced them at last to demand recognition of their place in, and of their importance to, society that one hears nostalgic praise of the good old days when artists were driven singly to obscure frustration or madness. In this country, early in the century, The Eight banded together to make more effective their personal protests against the Aca-

Two members of An American Group interpret familiar environment. To the right above is Helen McAuslan's "Railroad Station;" below it, Adolf Dehn's "Conversation in Superior"

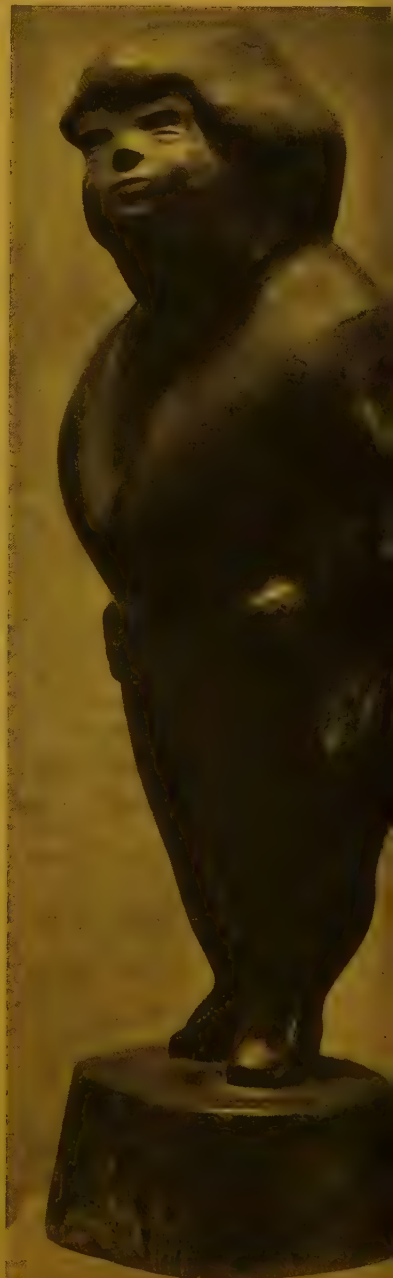




Right: "New Land," an oil by Eugene Ludins. Below: Edward Laning's oil, "The Passion of Carrie Nation." Both painters are members of An American Group, Inc.



demicians. In 1910 another similar group, The Association of American Painters and Sculptors, united for the purpose of presenting their work to a public which, for the most part, still believed that art museums, like zoological gardens, must spend their endowments upon rare specimens from distant lands. The same group sponsored the Armory Show in 1913. The reason for the swift disintegration of these organizations is to be found in the accomplishment of their limited purposes and not in any inherent artistic anarchy. Their exhibitions attracted attention, and most of the individuals have long since taken recognized places in the history of American art. During the 1920's when powerful influences were at work both here and abroad disrupting, reshaping and recreating



Right: "Madame" carved from lignum vitae by Chaim Gross



Above: Mervin Jules: "The Liberals." Included in the exhibition from An American Group being circulated by The American Federation of Arts. Below: Abraham Harriton's "Jobless—City Hall Park." Mr. Harriton is also a member of An American Group



all forms of expression, and when prosperity was constantly enlarging the number of American buyers, concerted effort became too sporadic and too subject to personal achievement to reach the stage of definite organization. But in 1929 the long discussed renaissance in America zigzagged, along with the fortunes of the local Medici, down across the chart-squares toward the lower right hand corner.

Of the many organizations of artists which have resulted from that profound slump in rugged individualism, An American Group is the only one of national importance whose purposes are primarily cultural. This group was first organized in 1931. At that time the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel aspired to open its doors not only to paying guests but to the Muses as well, and the art gallery became the home of this new organization. At the time there were six in the group: Anatol Shulkin, Jacob Getlar Smith, Chuzo Tamotzu, Stuart Edie,

Robert Phillip and Frederic Knight. One of the most difficult problems confronting the younger, less well known artist has been the public display of his work, and in the past most artists' organizations have sought some temporary solution of this difficulty. An American Group found itself from the beginning overwhelmed by too ample solution of the problem. The members, although their number increased rapidly, found the necessity of providing the gallery throughout the season with one-man and group shows to be a considerable burden on their abilities both as painters and as organizers. After three seasons of constant exhibitions they finally gave up the Barbizon-Plaza showroom and turned over their dealer's problems to the Seligmann Gallery. Since then the group as a whole has attempted only annual exhibitions of the entire membership and has left the individual free to arrange for his own one-man shows.



Above: Alonzo Hauser's bronze portrait of Angelo Herndon. Mr. Hauser, like Alice Campbell, whose "Torso" in limestone appears to the right, has joined forces with other liberal artists in An American Group, Inc.

A glance at the present roll of members—fifty-two in all—is enough to prove to anyone at all acquainted with current trends in American art that the group is an esthetic united front rather than a single party. It is obvious that Kuniyoshi, Gropper, Stuart Davis and Quirt, for example, or Mecklem, Raphael Soyer and Laning cannot be marching together under any slogan of style or subject matter or sake. Although its purposes are cultural, An American Group is neither an academy nor a movement nor a school. Nor is it in any sense a merely honorary society; some of its members are well known, while others are comparatively obscure. There are, quite apparently, only two requirements for membership: something to say and vitality of expression. New members are chosen annually by the group itself, ten having been added during the current season. As to the basis of membership requirements, Frederic Knight, president of the group, has the following to say:

"The intention has been to develop an organization representing the more progressive trends in American art today, and one qualified to represent the professional interests of painters and sculptors as a group. Most of them young, these artists were elected to membership because of their special promise and achievement. Many of them have national reputations. A widely known name, however, does not itself qualify an artist for consideration as a candidate for membership, and artists of special promise have been elected, whereas others of larger reputation have not."

Certainly, whatever personal dislikes one may come upon in the membership of the group, no one at all aware of contemporary American painting as a living force could fail to recog-

nize the broad scope and the outstanding importance of An American Group.

Obviously it would be both futile and unfair to attempt in a short article any estimate or comparison of individual achievement. The group shows of past years have all provided interest and enjoyment and often real excitement to critics and public of varying esthetic prejudice. Last year's Waterfront show at the New School for Social Research in New York City was a fresh and invigorating departure in group showing. The New York waterfront provided not only a basic unity but also a breadth of scope that allowed each exhibitor ample choice of subject matter. Furthermore, the seaman's strike was focussing public interest upon this aspect of city life. So successful was the venture that this year the group has arranged a similar exhibit under the general title of Housing, which includes not only painting and sculpture but, as well, more concrete material relevant to the topic, such as mural designs and architects' models and plans. The show is being presented in collaboration with the Federal Art Projects and various civic organizations. Besides being timely and of universal interest, the subject is of even greater scope than the waterfront, and certainly it is one with which all painters, whether Bohemians or dwellers in ivory towers, have had personal experience. This spring, too, The American Federation of Arts is circulating a general exhibition of paintings by members of An American Group.

Although there are many people, and among them prominent artists, who seem to find something shameful or ridiculous in the contemporary efforts to organize artists and to make them conscious of their common interests and their

combined power, it seems indisputably true that, whatever the future of such organizations, their present activities will have lasting effects upon the cultural history of America. The Coffee Bill to provide a permanent Federal Bureau of Fine Arts, now being presented to Congress, owes its vitality to the organized efforts of artists, and An American Group is actively engaged in working for its passage. The group likewise took a vigorous part in the establishment of the Artists' Coordination Committee to unify the scattered efforts of various local and national organizations. Certainly the government projects which have done so much to broaden public interest in art owe their vitality and their scope to the surprising ability of artists to subject personal idiosyncrasies to common interest, to their growing awareness of culture as a national ferment rather than a personal visitation. The original plans for the coming World's Fair in New York offered no space in the world of tomorrow for the exhibition of art. For more than a year now, An American Group has taken an active and leading part in demanding that such space, democratically controlled, be given. If the world of tomorrow, whether it be 1939 or 2039 is to have any place for free, vigorous expression it will be because artists have learned that individual geniuses and individual patrons, however much they may contribute to national culture, cannot alone assure its function as an inherent part of democratic aspiration.

The following membership at present assures both the diversity of expression and the cultural unity of An American Group: Paul Berlin, Saul Berman, Isabel Bishop, Arnold Blanch, Paul Cadmus, Alice Campbell, Francis Criss, Stuart Davis, Adolf Dehn, Isami Doi, Stuart Edie, Philip Evergood, Eugenie Gershoy, Aaron Goodelman, Harry Gottlieb, William Gropper, Chaim Gross, Minna Harkavy, Abraham Harriton, Alonzo Hauser, Milton Hebard, Joe Jones, Mervin Jules, Frederic Knight, Benjamin Kopman, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Edward Laning, Doris Lee, Julian Levi, John Lonergan, Marga-



"Spanish Refugees" by Moses Soyer, who, like his brother (see cut left below) is a member of An American Group. Though social consciousness does not motivate the whole group, it has produced some good pictures



Louis Ribak in "Refugees" also shows his awareness of the Spanish struggle. Photographs with this article courtesy of An American Group

Below is reproduced "Transients," oil painting by Raphael Soyer



ret Lowengrund, Louis Lozowick, Eugene Ludins, Berta Margoulies, Jack Markow, Helen McAuslan, Austin Mecklem, Bruce Mitchell, Elizabeth Olds, George Picken, Walter Quirt, Louis Ribak, Concetta Scaravaglione, Katherine Schmidt, Jacob Getlar Smith, Moses Soyer, Raphael Soyer, Algot Stenbery, Nahum Tschachbasov, Chuzo Tamotzu, Warren Wheelock.



Costumes from the Museum of Costume Art's permanent collection as shown at the Worcester Art Museum. Left to right: East Indian man and woman; three costumes from a Japanese Nō, ritual dance drama; Albanian, Greek bride and Roumanian. The Nō costumes once belonged to Kongo San, head of one of the fine schools of Nō. Obviously costumes reflect the varying cultures and climates of different people

A MUSEUM OF COSTUME ART

BY IRENE LEWISOHN

THROUGHOUT THE ages man has expressed his art impulses first of all in his dress. After the initial needs of protection from heat and cold have been met, adornment has followed. Perhaps through no other medium can so vividly be traced the sense of form and design inherent in every race. Garments, or even fragments of garments, are documents that reveal the level of past epochs. From pounded tapas to finely woven taffetas, from rudely chipped shell beads to skillfully wrought jewels may be gleaned the plane of a given civilization. Americans inherit the tradition of all these civilizations and bear within them rich cultures that may consciously or unconsciously flower into new creative expressions.

All too soon will these clothes, which grew naturally and organically from climates and modes of life, be entirely displaced by standardized contributions of the machine. Already they are difficult to find. Even communities that long escaped the subtle influences of power loom and movie have been laid waste of color and individuality by the proclamation of Eastern potentates. Threads that were once cunningly woven into bridal veils or daily working clothes, may soon be carefully gathered into cases by specialists seeking rare objects of other civilizations. What is to us "period" was once everyday reality and what is now in daily use will be "period" in the future.

Today, no less than in the past, our feverish life projects its psychology and creativeness in dress. It explodes into a constantly changing kaleidoscope of style; style that is determined first by industrial and social needs; second by a desire for harmony or contrast with the surroundings in which we work and live. With the exception of food, there is nothing that concerns all the peoples of the world more than the production of clothing, either as wearers or makers. This country is no exception and design here is playing a larger and larger part in everyday dress, in the theatre and in motion pictures. Clothes are no longer slavishly copied from Paris and London models but a distinctive American note is called for in both men's and women's fashions.

To meet these demands designers need to seek refreshment and inspiration in the past or in motifs from other parts of the world. Textile departments of museums, ethnological depart-

ments and private collections contain fine examples from which to follow the gamut of design in dress. Libraries are full of pertinent documents, but until recently nowhere in the world, and surely not in this country, has this field, so vital and so close to man, been considered as a special subject and given its due either as art or as science; in no one place is gathered all the source material for study.

In the spring of 1937 a Museum of Costume Art was launched in New York. The intention and purpose is wide in scope, the realization so far limited to several hundred costumes, an occasional exhibition, an active office and workroom and a determined and enthusiastic executive group. Its first claim to public attention was an exhibition held at Rockefeller Center in May of that year. Costumes from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries and representing twenty-six different countries were displayed, together with a small collection of rare books related to them and to the sweep of centuries and places. Designers from the exclusive, and also from the wholesale, houses responded immediately to the wealth of line and color and translated several of the mantles and embroidered motifs into models for the summer trade.

Even before this opening exhibition, part of a collection since given to the Museum of Costume Art—"Folk Costumes of Europe and Asia"—was shown by the Worcester Art Museum. It is significant that such an institution which concerns itself with the finest examples of archeologic, historic and modern art, attached importance to the living art impulses of peoples as expressed in their dress.

The Museum as envisioned is primarily a place for study and research; secondly, one for enjoyment through its ever changing exhibitions. Its collections will eventually include examples of dress and accessories of as many epochs as can be acquired, so stored, classified and documented that they can be readily accessible to the student; in many instances every detail of apparel, even to the coiffure and undergarments, with diagrams showing how they were worn will be available. A pattern library with full-scale muslin patterns from which technicians can quickly cut a reproduction in workrooms equipped with ample tables and light will be part of the equipment. Also there will be a library containing not only books

nd plates of costumes but every book and document or photostat copy that can furnish material—works on tapes-tries, textiles, ceramics, sculpture, painting, biography, the thousand and one sources from which information on costume can be drawn, all cross-indexed in such a way that research workers can find their special lines with the greatest economy of time. This library too will provide work tables for sketching. Even more important than the physical facilities for study will be the service of a well trained staff ready to assist the student on the spot, or by correspondence from any part of the country.

In order that an eventual building may grow organically from needs developed by actual experience, a temporary program has been outlined which will be started as soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming. Laboratory experiments will determine storage, study and display.

Already there is deep interest in the Museum. Almost daily gifts of costumes are offered. Skilled volunteers are carrying on research in workshops and in libraries, exhibits are being prepared. Indications are that when the ultimate goal—the building—is achieved, it will become not only a vital addition to the opportunities now offered to the creative designer, but an inspiration to lay citizens and to the arts and industries it is planned to serve.

Let us look into the future and foretell how this building may function. I quote from a verbal sketch by Clarence M. Stein, the architect:

"The central core of the Museum will be the storage space. Requirements of plan and design in this regard are protection, organization and flexibility. Light will be minimized; there will probably be no natural light and artificial light will be used only when needed for purposes of finding or examining costumes.

"Organization of the collection will be such that any objects can be found, examined and taken out of storage with the greatest possible facility and economy in handling. The aisles between hangers will be wide enough so that it will be possible for attendants and (whenever it is found advisable) for students or technicians to move easily from place to place and to examine costumes. Specially designed trucks arranged with hanging poles will be used to carry costumes from the storage room to the work rooms or display galleries.

"Flexibility is essential. The collection will grow rapidly and will require rearrangement as new systems of grouping are developed. Therefore, the storage rooms must be organized so that they can easily be rearranged just as are the stacks of a library.

"The study section will be arranged to facilitate its use by designers of theatrical costumes, designers of garments and other elements of human dress, research workers in history or historical design or methods of manufacturing, and finally students of technical schools. Work rooms for these will be placed in close proximity to the storage rooms. They will con-

(Continued on page 318)

Left: Mauve flowered taffeta dress of the eighteenth century. In the collection of the Museum of Costume Art. Right: Empire Costumes, given to the Museum of Costume Art by Lee Simonson. To the left a blue silk dress and apricot colored Spencer of about 1820; to the right a white muslin beaded dress, 1812. Depending on the period the ladies expressed the fashionable art styles in their dress





Lyonel Feininger: "Church on the Market Place," Halle, 1930. In the collection of the Moritzburg Museum, Halle, Germany. Feininger says: "Bach has been my master in painting. The architectonic side of Bach, whereby a germinal idea is developed into a huge polyphonic form, is the important thing. I consider my drawings and sketches as melodies, the completed painting, organized and orchestrated in color, like a large scale composition for the organ or orchestra. . . . Put me down as a conservative, if by that you mean one who loves order and organized form. . . ."

LYONEL FEININGER

BY ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

"THE PAINTER should not only paint what he sees around him, but also what he sees within himself; but if he sees nothing within himself he should refrain from painting what he sees around him." This maxim of Caspar David Friedrich is a favorite of Lyonel Feininger's. And Feininger is not one who refrains from painting what he sees around him.

Recent unhappy developments in European politics have conspired to bring Feininger home. His career was made in Germany, and it is among the modern Germans that he is classified, but he was born in New York and has never renounced his American citizenship. He is as Aryan as any blond hero out of Wagner, but he also happens to be an uncompromising modern artist. Wherefore New York welcomes him once again.

Feininger was born on July 17, 1871. His father was a violinist and composer, his mother a pianist and singer. Because of their frequent absences from New York on concert tours, the future artist spent many years of his childhood in a Connecticut village, and attributes to this experience part of his love for nature. He studied violin playing with his father, and at the age of twelve embarked on a musical career. Here began that abiding affection for the music of Bach and that respect for order, architecture and solidity of structure that were to become cardinal principles of Feininger's life and art. Bach has always been Feininger's idol, so much so that at the age of fifty he abandoned painting for many months to devote himself to musical composition. The result was a series of organ fugues which have been well received in German musical circles.

But there was another and extremely important aspect to Feininger's nature during his formative years—his love for machinery and construction. As his wife put it in a recent lecture, "he knew and loved every single locomotive that came into the Grand Central Station, a trait which he retains to this day. He built ship models and sailing yachts and raced them in the pond in Central Park." And that romantic love of ships informs many and many a canvas and water color that Feininger paints today.

At the age of seventeen Feininger went to Europe with his parents. A struggle of competing inclinations between music and art was finally resolved at this period in favor of art, and he enrolled in the Kunstgewerbeschule at Hamburg. Periods of study in Berlin, Paris and Brussels followed, and in 1892 the professional career got under way.

As is the case with many young artists, Feininger began in the journalistic workshop. His ambition at that time was to become an illustrator. Easel painting held little attraction for him, but he quickly became one of the best known caricaturists in Germany. His reputation in this field extended beyond European limits, for he was at one time engaged to draw comic pages for the *Chicago Tribune*. Yet the slavery of the deadline began to irk, and the artist began to perceive ten-

dencies within himself far beyond the limits of a journalistic drawing board. Shortly after his marriage, in April, 1907, he cut the ties that bound him to the daily press. At the age of thirty-five Feininger, the modern painter, was born.

In 1913 Feininger was invited by Franz Marc to exhibit with the German "Blue Rider" group in the autumn salon at Berlin. Paul Klee and Vassily Kandinsky were also members of the "Blue Rider" and eleven years later these three, along with Serge Javlensky, formed the "Blue Four." The "Blue Four" were all personal friends of Mme. Galka Scheyer, who at that time was preparing to go to America to lecture on contemporary German art. The group was created by Mme. Scheyer's selection; its name was intended to indicate that these artists had been leading spirits in the "Blue Rider." Mme. Scheyer has since settled in Los Angeles. Her collection of modern German art is one of the most important in the country and it is due to her efforts more than to any other single factor that the "Blue Four" has won a following in the United States.

Another factor, however, helped to bring these artists into close contact. In 1919 the architect Walter Gropius established the Bauhaus in Weimar. Feininger was one of the first to join the faculty of that center of modern ideas. Klee and Kandinsky were brought in later. From 1919 to 1924 Feininger taught drawing and painting at the Bauhaus, and supervised its graphic workshop and printing press, publishing the well known portfolios, *Bauhaus Graphik*. The artist left the Bauhaus for a brief period in 1924, but rejoined in the following year when the school was taken over by the city of Dessau, which built a magnificent new plant for it and established it on a new and broader base. Feininger was invited to live and work at the new Bauhaus, but was relieved of all teaching duties. He accepted, and remained with the institution until 1933,* after which, for a period of three years, he lived at Berlin and on the German seacoast. In 1936 he returned to America for the first time since leaving it in 1887, to teach at Mills College, in Oakland, California. After a second summer at Mills he removed to New York, where he intends to remain permanently.

Feininger has three sons. The eldest, Andreas, was trained as an architect under Le Corbusier. In recent years he has settled in Stockholm, and since Swedish law prevents his practising architecture there, he has developed into one of the leading photographers of Europe. Laurence, the second son, is a musicologist, at present working on the history of early church music in the archives at Rome. The third son is a painter.

* The Bauhaus has since been closed by the Nazis. In the fall of 1937 a new Bauhaus was established in Chicago by the Association of Arts and Industries, with such well known artists as Archipenko and Moholy-Nagy on the faculty. Gropius, who now teaches at Harvard, is listed as "adviser" to this institution.



Lyonel Feininger: "Off the Coast of Patagonia." Oil, 1935. "A boat moving in the atmosphere sets up stresses and movements in the air surrounding it." Feininger is deeply concerned with these aspects of nature

It is customary in concluding the biographical side of articles such as this to list the galleries and collections in which the artist is represented. Unfortunately this is not possible in the case of Feininger. Innumerable works of his were at one time to be seen in the public museums of Germany, but the Hitler government has put them under the ban, along with works by many other modern artists, and they are no longer on view. Private collectors in Germany are said to be fearful lest the powers that be decide to extend their campaign against officially discountenanced art to private holdings.

In 1907, shortly after Feininger gave up his newspaper career to begin painting in earnest, he wrote to his wife, "I have to destroy nature before I can begin to build her up again in my pictures." He had been content up to that time to paint in a purely naturalistic fashion, although his caricature had revealed a power over the grotesque of an unusual and distinctive order. But now he realized that photography had usurped the field of naturalistic representation, and that for the creative artist it was necessary to begin all over again, in Mrs. Feininger's words, "from the primitive, from inmost feeling, from insight, from pure things, which are based on the simplest forms and laws of nature."

The first result of this realization, which seems to have come rather suddenly, was explosive, vehement, cataclysmic

and strangely suggestive of what the French Cubists were later to do. Feininger knew nothing of Cubism at this time, however. In his earlier pictures planes whirl in flaming vortices, and at least one canvas of this epoch that I have seen might be labeled *Steamship Descending the Stairs*. Then slowly, carefully, with infinite feeling and imagination, the new synthesis appears. The guide was not Picasso, not Cézanne, not any painter at all, but Johann Sebastian Bach.

"I could not go on forever rendering the externals of things," Feininger told me last summer at Mills College. "My own musicality, my craving for order and organization prevailed. I have always worked from nature; every one of my pictures is the result of experience of nature, and I am perfectly capable of copying it photographically, but this direct rendering is not enough. My present work is partly the product of very intense study of the natural world, in which I see essential things that the so-called naturalistic artist entirely overlooks, but it is also partly the product of my musical training."

"Bach has been my master in painting," he went on. "The architectonic side of Bach, whereby a germinal idea is developed into a huge polyphonic form, is the important thing. I consider my drawings and sketches as melodies, the completed painting, organized and orchestrated in color, like a large scale composition for the organ or orchestra.

"I don't paint objects, but rather the space around objects. A boat moving in the atmosphere sets up stresses and movements in the air surrounding it. This is what I visualize, and



Lyonel Feininger: "Four-masted Barque and Pilot." Oil, 1934. Collection of Solomon R. Guggenheim, New York. Again the movement of ships is captured, the stresses and strains of wind in the rigging conveyed

the pattern and organization of those stresses," he concluded.

Feininger usually eschews the curve, the undulation, the circle and all that they symbolize. He occasionally employs them, but prefers the plane, line, block and angle, and his forms are frequently drawn with a ruler. The human figure appears but seldom in his pictures, and then almost always as a minor incident and in summary, cubic abstraction. Yet he is no abstractionist in the ordinary sense of that word. He creates no objective geometric patterns for the sake of pattern alone. Just as every fugue in Bach's forty-eight has a basis of poetic feeling beneath its research in tonal relationships, so likewise the mathematics of Feininger are grounded in a lyric approach. His eliminations, simplifications and linear pattern building impose a discipline of form upon feeling in order to bring simplicity and structure out of the chaos of emotional experience.

Feininger works mainly in three media: the oil painting, the water color and the woodcut. He also has a special predilection for three types of subject—the skylines of old Gothic towns, the nostalgia of empty seacoasts, and the romance of ships at sea.

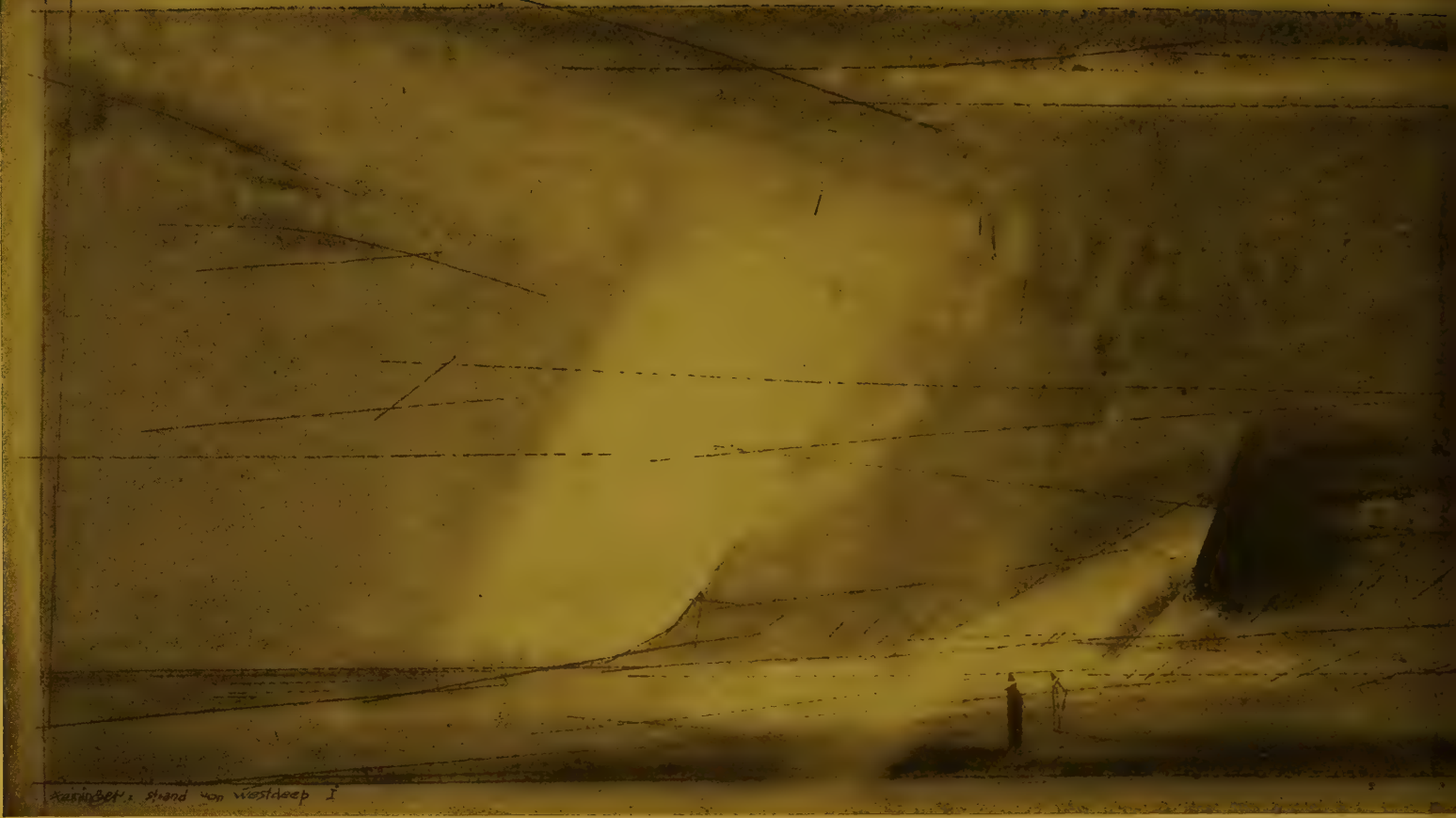
The water colors are usually colored drawings; their light, deft, swift-flying line is inked with ruled precision, and the color is usually a matter of unmodulated transparent washes filling in the drawn spaces. The wood blocks are less lyric and more dramatic than the water colors. They suggest a little the high-strung emotional intensity of Max Weber and other masters of the woodcut in the Expressionist tradition. The

oils are the big, heroic, major pieces, eloquent with a color of epic brilliance and rhetorical power.

Whether it record the blue restful coolness of a street in a small French town, the majesty of a German cathedral square, the flight of a racing yacht in the water, or the lowering darkness of approaching storm on the Baltic coast, a picture by Feininger is likely to be an exercise in the dynamics of line. Take the typical boat picture. The horizontal thrust of the forward driving wind is checked by the opposing thrust of wave and current. A vertical of mast and a triangle of sail set up forces contrary and oblique to both wind and wave, and the whole becomes an intricately active composition of line in motion to which the representation of the boat is almost trivially incidental.

As with the boat, so with the other types of subject. Lines of force emanate from every point of major stress in the architectural subjects to create gigantic, interlocking patterns. Spires and bridges, islands and shorelines, streets and Gothic towers compose themselves in mighty, prismatic, polyphonic shapes.

This is the infinitely varied yet completely unified world of Lyonel Feininger. He may paint ghost ships and hulks riding lonely fogs, or steamers plying remote islands, or the industry of the sea in crowded ports busy with huge liners.



Lyonel Feininger: "The Beach at Westdeep." Water color, 1932. Whatever his subject, Feininger's pictures are likely to be essays in dynamics



Lyonel Feininger: "The Steamship 'Odin.'" Oil, 1927. It is no wonder, in view of Feininger's way of organizing space, that he has been often urged to become a stage designer. He has steadfastly refused



Lyonel Feininger: "Two Yachts Racing." Oil, 1931. Here again the artist shows his knowledge of the forces of nature and of the ways of ships



Lyonel Feininger: "Blue Marine." Oil, 1924. The earliest picture reproduced with this article remains in the collection of Julia Feininger

He may reflect the ancient pomp and glory of cities of rich, fantastic architectural perspectives. He may find keen, simple beauty in a California hillside. But it is always composed with reference to its infinite reverberations, to its ultimate relationships with the totality of things, and to its ultimate relationships within its own space.

"And so you may put me down as a conservative," said Feininger in concluding our interview last summer, "if by a conservative you mean one who loves order and organized form. The whole world is nothing but order; there is more pattern in a leaf than in any picture ever made. Only in a bad work of art is there no order."



PHOTO BY IDA W. PRITCHETT

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Cadwalader have used the ruined walls of an old barn as the background for their garden. The luscious plantings of box and the profusion of the wistaria are in keeping with the mellow warmth of native stone. Rock plants crowd the cracks between flag-stones of the floor.

PHILADELPHIA GARDENS

BY SOPHIA YARNALL

ON COMING to Philadelphia the visitor notices in the surrounding countryside a striking similarity to the rolling hills, the green fields and gently wooded slopes of England. Only the air is different and the light. It is no wonder that the terrain has this lived-in look, so like that of the old country, for the people who live in these spacious suburbs, who shaped them, are still very much aware of the English tradition which is theirs by inheritance—and by choice. Today the more fortunate Philadelphians live from five or ten to twenty-five miles from the city proper and arrange their lives so that enjoyment of their gardens shall not be interfered with. Inevitably their gardens reflect this attitude.

For these reasons it is not surprising that the Garden Club of America, which has grown to such vast proportions throughout the country, should stem from a few meetings in Philadelphia. Twenty-five years ago, on April 30, 1913, at a meeting at Mrs. Bayard Henry's in Germantown, the idea was formulated that, since it was of such value to the members of the Garden Club of Philadelphia to exchange horticultural ideas and experiences, perhaps further enjoyment and garden-

ing knowledge could be fostered by other groups throughout the country. That was the beginning of an organization which today numbers approximately seven thousand individual members and one hundred and fifteen member clubs. The first meeting of this group took place at Stenton, one of the historic houses in Fairmount Park, on the following day, May 1, 1913.

Today the Garden Club of America returns to Philadelphia to celebrate its birthday of a quarter century. Its members have gardens in every part of this country, some small, some very large, some purely horticultural, some dependent for their charm on their architectural features. What they will be most interested in, in Philadelphia, doubtless will be the characteristics of the gardens which are peculiar to the locale and to the temperament of their owners.

All gardens must have, as their starting point, a comprehensive consideration of the climate and the general contour of the country in which they are situated. On these two they



PHOTO BY IDA W. PRITCHETT

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford Rosengarten have placed their rock garden on the hillside by their entrance drive. With no relation to the house or formal garden, it is a horticultural and esthetic entity in itself. Evergreens punctuate lower growing rock plants with accents of a darker green



PHOTO BY IDA W. PRITCHETT

Potted plants have great possibilities for the gardener who wishes to alter effects frequently. In the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Schofield Andrew a row of tiny lobelia edges a pool in the flagged terrace. Geraniums have been placed in larger pots, as effective in contour as the flower



PHOTO BY IDA W. PRITCHETT

The use of rolling hills to capture and frame the view makes Philadelphia gardens interesting and varied. Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Townsend have formalized slopes near their house by terracing them. But they have let the opposite hillside rise with a more casual look of naturalism

must build and, by these two, they will be enhanced or limited. The rolling quality of the Philadelphia country, therefore, immediately establishes certain possibilities of treatment, both in the actual situation and in the use of vistas and views outside the garden itself. A hillside, for example, may function as the location of the garden, or it may be kept off in the distance to frame or be a background for the flower beds more intimately situated, or it may be simply the accent which ties in an adjacent valley.

At their place in Radnor, Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Townsend have made the wooded hillside an integral part of the garden. From the house a series of formal terraces lead to a broad pond in a shallow valley. Immediately beyond the water, a broad green path leads up the opposite incline between rows of willows and other deciduous trees. The path ends in a tiny, classic summer house with woods on three sides of it and soaring high above it. It is as though the owners had taken the country in its native state and, substituting and formalizing the part close to the house, had allowed the planting to become more naturalistic as the view became more remote until, in the distance, it returned again to its original quality. It is so infrequently possible to accomplish an architectural effect without building walls and

shutting out the surroundings that, when nature conspires to achieve such a purpose, it seems doubly rewarding. Certainly Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, having chosen their location with so much perception, have had the wisdom not to interfere with its inherent assets but only to modify them to their needs.

Every now and then, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, especially in some of the places which are of the eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries, the house is located in the center of a broad and rather flat piece of ground. The more remote surroundings may be undulating but the land immediately around the house has been planned primarily for broad lawns and wide green stretches. It is broken up by venerable and massive trees, rather than by flower beds. Indeed, the actual perennial and annual borders, the rose or rock gardens are apt, in a place like this, to be set off quite by themselves. Contrary to the modern point of view that a garden is an outdoor sitting room, the Victorians and their predecessors apparently felt that flowers were enhanced by having to be sought out. In any case, they rarely allowed the breadth of view and the dignity of their well cared for lawns to be interrupted. Such sweeping quiet can also be found in some of the Virginia gardens and along the Hudson where the landed gentry have lived for a number of generations. It is a quality

(Continued on page 312)

CEZANNE IN THE LETTERS OF MARION TO MORSTATT, 1865-1868

TRANSLATED BY MARGARET SCOLARI WITH NOTES BY ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

CHAPTER III

In the year 1866 Heinrich Morstatt, a young German, who had spent two years in business in Marseilles returned to Stuttgart to take up music as a profession. He left behind him in Provence a small circle of French friends whom he had enchanted by playing to them the strange new music of Richard Wagner. Among these friends were the young scientist, Fortuné Marion, later to be the director of the Museum of Natural History at Marseilles, and a young painter of revolutionary spirit named Paul Cézanne. Before his return to Germany Morstatt used to come up from

Marseilles for week-ends with Cézanne and Marion at Aix; and for two years after his return he received many long letters from Marion giving news of events in Provence and Paris.

The letters are now preserved by Morstatt's daughter, Frau Hedwig Haag of Stuttgart, with whose permission these selections are published. Two previous chapters concerned Cézanne's friendship with Marion and his attempts upon the Paris Salon. In this, the final chapter, his previously unknown enthusiasm for Wagner is revealed.

CEZANNE AND WAGNER

Cézanne and Music

UNTIL THE discovery of the letters of Marion to Morstatt Cézanne had generally been considered unmusical, or, at most, to have had only a casual interest in the art with which the complex rhythms of his own late pictorial style have sometimes been compared. It is possible to review in a page the previously known instances of Cézanne's concern with music or musicians.

As a boy in Aix-en-Provence Cézanne had studied the violin against his will. Over fifty years later his sister, Marie, wrote to Cézanne's son, Paul:

"He took no interest whatever in music taught by a professor at home and often the descent of a violin bow on his fingers bore witness to M. Poncet's displeasure."²⁰

M. Henri Poncet who was choir master and organist at Saint-Sauveur in Aix also taught music at the Collège Bourbon. Under his direction the boys formed an orchestra which included Cézanne and his friends Baille, Zola and Marguery.²¹ Gasquet quotes Cézanne's reminiscences of the school band:

"We used to serenade the girls in our neighborhood. Just listen: I used to play the cornet, Zola, more distinguished, the clarinet. . . . What a racket! But the locust trees spread their drooping branches over the walls, the moon cast a blue light on the portal of St. John's and we were fifteen. At that time we thought we'd set the world on fire."²²

Mme. Gasquet told Gerstle Mack how in Cézanne's old age he used to ask her to play the overtures from *Oberon* or *Der Freischütz* on the piano. Before she could finish he would fall asleep so that she would play the last few chords *fortissimo* to wake him up and save him embarrassment. Mr. Mack has also found another reference to music in a letter written by Cézanne in the last year of his life to his son:

"At Saint-Sauveur, the former choir leader Poncet has been replaced by an idiot of an abbé who runs the organ and plays off key, so that I cannot go to hear mass any more; his way of playing music makes me absolutely ill."

Cézanne also befriended the penniless musician Cabaner and in 1881 auctioned off a picture and wrote both Roux²³ and Zola²⁴ on his behalf.

"Nobles Accents de Richard Wagner"

These scant references to the "cacophonies" of youth and the diversions of old age scarcely prepare us for the fact revealed in the Marion-Morstatt letters, that Cézanne, at least during the latter 'sixties, was an enthusiastic amateur of the most advanced music of the period.

On December 23, 1865 (Letter 3), Fortuné Marion invited Morstatt to come up from Marseilles to Aix for Christmas. To the letter Cézanne added this friendly, if somewhat stilted postscript:

"Le soussigné vous prie d'accéder à l'invitation de Fortuné, vous ferez vibrer notre nerf acoustique aux nobles [?] accents de Richard Wagner. Je vous prierai de ça. Veuillez accueillir mes sincères compliments et comblez notre souhait en vous exécutant. Je signe comme pour Fortuné.

*Votre vieux
Paul Cézanne"*

"The undersigned requests you to accept Fortuné's invitation; you will thrill our acoustic nerve with the noble [?] strains of Richard Wagner. This I would beg of you. Pray accept my sincere regards and fulfill our wishes by your performance. I sign as for Fortuné.

*Your old
Paul Cézanne"*

Even after Morstatt went to Munich, Marion and Cézanne kept up the interest in Wagner which the young German had kindled by playing to them piano transcriptions of the opera overtures. Marion writes disgustedly about the music he had heard during a recent visit to Paris:

"I really seem to have no luck—even in Paris I didn't succeed in hearing any good music. Bilse was there with his orchestra and I was bored stiff by a lot of Meyerbeer, Rossini and others." (Letter 25, Aix, October 17, 1867.)

In the following year he reports to Morstatt again upon the state of music in Paris. With the superciliousness of the provincial who finds himself well in advance of metropolitan taste he remarks:

"Perhaps you will be interested to hear that Wagner is becoming the fashion in Paris in intelligent circles. But do they understand him? I still have my doubts. As for me I would like

o hear you play the *Lohengrin* overture and the *Meister-singer*. . . . Paul is in the country for the moment." (Letter 34, Aix, 1868.)

Paul's enthusiasm for Wagner seems to have been as keen as Marion's. A little before this he wrote to Morstatt the following remarkable note which we reproduce in facsimile, (fig. 13). It occurs at the end of a letter of Marion's dated May 24, 1868. Morstatt, who had given up business for a career in music, was apparently expected to revisit France.

Cézanne writes:

"*Mon cher Morstatt,*

Nous aurons donc le plaisir de nous revoir sans avoir besoin d'attendre un monde meilleur, puisque d'après votre dernière lettre vous nous apprenez que vous rentrez dans vos fonds. Je suis très heureux de cette bonne circonstance pour vous car nous tendons tous ensemble vers l'art, sans que des ennuis matériels viennent troubler le travail si nécessaire à l'artiste. Je vous serre avec sympathie vive la main qui ne se profane à des industries philistines. J'ai eu le bonheur d'entendre l'ouverture de Tannhauser, de Loengrin et du Hollandais volant.

Bonjour

Tout à vous

Paul Cézanne"

"My dear Morstatt,

We are going to have the pleasure of seeing you after all without having to wait till we meet again in a better world for your last letter tells us that you are coming back where you belong. I am delighted at your good luck because for all of us whose natural leaning is toward art, it is most desirable to be untroubled by material worries and to be free for the work which is so necessary for the artist. I shake with lively sympathy the hand that does not profane itself in philistine industries. I had the good fortune to hear the overtures of Tannhauser, of Loengrin and of the Flying Dutchman.

Goodbye

Ever yours,

Paul Cézanne"

The *Ouverture du Tannhäuser*

During the two years between this note and his earlier postscript to Morstatt, Cézanne was to prove in a far more striking way his interest in the music of Wagner and especially in *Tannhäuser*.

It was probably not a mere coincidence that Cézanne should have been particularly interested in *Tannhäuser* for this opera was the focus about which the French battle over Wagner had been fought. As early as 1849 Baudelaire had hailed Wagner as "greatest among the great" and two years later had written his essay on *Tannhäuser* which Thomas Mann²⁵ has recently called "the decisive and pioneer utterance on Wagner . . . historically the most important." Baudelaire, the greatest art critic of his time, the brilliant defender of Delacroix, was a guide and hero to the younger generation of painters. Very probably Cézanne would have known his *Tannhäuser* article. But even if he had not he would have remembered a much more sensational event which occurred just ten years after the publication of Baudelaire's essay.

This event was the production of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* at the Paris Opera on March 13, 1861, only a little over a month before Cézanne's arrival for the first time in Paris. The opera had excited a riot. Although it had been elaborately and painstakingly produced with the support of Prince Metternich the music seemed radical; and, moreover, Wagner himself was still a refugee from the revolution of 1848. The reactionary

Jockey Club came in a body and whistled and stamped. After the third performance *Tannhäuser* was abandoned and Wagner left Paris broken-hearted. Echoes of the *Tannhäuser* affair may well have left a deep impression on Cézanne, whose revolutionary temperament was to flare up more than once during the ensuing decade and to smoulder thereafter till the end of his life.

On August 28, 1866, Marion wrote to Morstatt (Letter 7):

"Paul is very anxious to see you. He is superb this year with his extraordinary [rare] hair, immensely long and his revolutionary beard.

"In one morning he practically completed a superb picture; you will see it. It is called the *Ouverture du Tanauhser* [sic]—it belongs to the future as does Wagner's music.

"This is the subject: A young girl at the piano—white on blue—all in the foreground. The piano magnificently and broadly treated; an old man in an armchair in profile; a young child in the background listening with the air of an idiot. The mass all wild, overpoweringly strong. You have to look at it for a long while."

An undated letter of Marion's, written at Aix in June or July, 1867, continues (Letter 20):

"He [Paul] has already begun several large canvases and he intends to take up the *Ouverture du Tanhauser* [sic] again. Paul feels entirely persuaded that he will be able to get details into the execution of his painting by dint of great skill

Fig. 13. Cézanne's second note to Morstatt, May 24, 1868. Collection Frau Haag (née Morstatt), Stuttgart

Mon Cher Morstatt, nous aurons le plaisir de nous revoir sans avoir besoin d'attendre un monde meilleur, puisque d'après votre dernière lettre vous nous apprenez que vous rentrez dans vos fonds. Je suis très heureux de cette bonne circonstance pour vous, car nous tendons tous ensemble vers l'art, sans que des ennuis matériels viennent troubler le travail si nécessaire à l'artiste. Je vous serre avec sympathie vive la main qui ne se profane à des industries de philistins. J'ai eu le bonheur d'entendre l'ouverture de Tannhauser, de Loengrin et du Hollandais volant. Bonjour tout à vous
Paul Cézanne

both in observation and technique and without any loss of breadth. This would be the achievement of his aim and the fulfillment of his whole endeavour. I think the moment in which he is bound to succeed is not far off. All he has to do is to work.

"... Sometime soon in one of those happy and expansive moments that follow a vermouth or during a pleasant digestion, I shall write you together with Paul."

Two months later Marion makes further report in a letter dated Aix, September 6, 1867 (Letter 23):

"I wish you could see the picture he [Paul] is working on now. He is again treating the subject which you already know about, the *overture du Tannhauser*, but in a totally different harmony of tones. He now uses very light tones and each figure is most carefully finished. There is the head of a fair-haired young girl which is both pretty and amazingly powerful; my profile is an extraordinary likeness and is also well built up; the whole picture is painted without that sharpness of color and that somewhat repulsive wildness. The piano is again beautifully painted as in the other version, and the draperies as usual are magnificently true. Probably it will be refused at the exhibition but it will certainly be exhibited somewhere; a canvas like this is enough to make an artist's reputation."

Where is this picture now? No list of Cézanne's works includes an *Overture to Tannhäuser*. But the painting catalogued as *Jeune fille au piano* (fig. 14) in the Museum of Modern Western Art in Moscow is almost certainly a third version of the composition of which Marion describes two other and doubtless earlier versions. In the first version Marion mentions a young girl in white at the piano,²⁶ an old man in profile in an armchair and in the background a "*jeune enfant l'air idiot écoutant*." In describing the second version he mentions

"*mon profil*" but omits any reference to the old man in profile or the child in the background. In the Moscow picture the girl in white at the piano remains and instead of the child in the background we find a seated woman sewing. But of the figure in profile in the armchair only the chair is left, though with faint traces of an over-painted figure.

Perhaps the Moscow picture is an entirely new canvas but it is more probably a repainting of one of the pictures described by Marion. Apparently Cézanne was no more satisfied with the "profile" of Marion than he had been with that of the "old man" of the first version, so he left the chair conspicuously unoccupied.

Who is the young lady playing (presumably) the "*noble accents de Richard Wagner*" upon the piano? Director Boris Ternovetz²⁷ of the Moscow museum believes that she is Mlle Marie Cézanne. This opinion is confirmed by Mr. Mack²⁸ who has made a careful study of all available photographs and paintings of Cézanne's family. Marie Cézanne would have been twenty-six in 1867 at the time when Rose, her younger sister, was only thirteen and too young for the figure at the piano. The "old man" of the first version was probably Cézanne's father. Cézanne did in fact paint a portrait of his father²⁹ in this very chair. It is now in the Auguste Pellerin collection and is dated by Rivière, with the confirmation of Paul Cézanne fils, in 1868. The chair appears again in the portrait of Achille Empereire in the Lecompte collection which is dated by Rivière in 1867, the very year of Marion's letter describing the *Overture to Tannhäuser*. Cézanne must have liked to paint the flowered

Fig. 14. Cézanne: "Overture to Tannhäuser." In the collection of the Museum of Modern Western Art, Moscow. Compare its theme and treatment with the painting by Henri Matisse





Fig. 15. Matisse: "The Piano Lesson." In a private collection, Glasgow. Photograph by Bernheim-Jeune

over of this chair which is very probably "ce fauteuil ou papa
 faisait la sieste" mentioned in the recollections quoted by
 Gasquet. The woman sewing in the background of the Mos-
 cow picture is very likely Cézanne's mother.

The *Overture to Tannhäuser* is probably unique in two ways
 among Cézanne's paintings: both because it was intended as
 an homage to a great contemporary musician and because it
 shows what is almost certainly an intimate family scene with-
 in Cézanne's home, the Jas de Bouffan.

In still another way the *Overture to Tannhäuser* is remark-
 able. Few of Cézanne's paintings of the 'sixties show an inter-
 est in complex decorative pattern, but in the *Overture* the
 lowered textile covering of the armchair is picked up in the
 boldly painted arabesque of the wall paper³⁰ and contrasted
 with the stripes of the carpet. This contrapuntal play of pat-

terns and the vigorous drawing anticipated to a striking de-
 gree the compositional methods which Henri-Matisse was to
 develop some fifty years later (figure 15) though of course
 Cézanne's sombre browns and blues are definitely mid-nine-
 teenth century.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the *Overture*
 was bought from M. Vollard in 1907, the year after Cézanne's
 death, by the great Russian collector Morosov. During the
 ensuing six years Morosov was to become one of the two lead-
 ing European patrons of Matisse. Today Morosov's pictures
 are shown in the Moscow Museum of Modern Western Art.
 The *Overture to Tannhäuser* seems scarcely less modern than
 the fifty magnificent Matisses near which it hangs. Indeed
 it might almost be taken for a Matisse of 1910, seen through
 brown spectacles.

³⁰ Quoted by Gerstle Mack, *Paul Cézanne*, New York, 1935, p. 12.

³¹ G. Coquiot, *Cézanne*, Paris, 1919, pp. 19, 20; and A. Vollard, *Paul Cézanne*, Paris, 1924, p. 8.

³² Joachim Gasquet, *Cézanne*, Paris, 1921, p. 13.

³³ A. Vollard, *Paul Cézanne*, Paris, 1924, p. 56.

³⁴ Mack, *op. cit.*, pp. 263-265.

³⁵ Thomas Mann: *Freud, Goethe, Wagner*, New York, 1937, p. 206.

It is interesting to note that Manet painted his *Mme. Manet at the Piano* (now in the Louvre) in 1867 or 1868: Cézanne had begun his similar subject by August, 1866. But this was anticipated in a general way by Fantin-Latour's *Autour du piano* 1857, now in the Luxembourg, and by Whistler's *Piano Picture* of 1859.

²⁷ In a letter to the writer.

²⁸ Gerstle Mack, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

²⁹ Lionello Venturi, *Cézanne, Son art, Son oeuvre*, Paris, 1936, No. 91.

³⁰ A similar but more restrained use of wall paper background occurs in a portrait of Cézanne's father in the Collection of Maurice Wertheim, New York (Venturi, No. 227).

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Students interested in studying the original French of Marion's letters should consult the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, January, 1937, pp. 37-58: *Cézanne d'après les lettres de Marion à Morstatt, 1865-1868*. A chronology of the letters and a section on Zola are included in this article.

SEEING THE SHOWS

NEW YORK VIEWS THE VENETIANS

VENETIAN ART in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and its final flare-up of brilliance in the Rococo art of Tiepolo in the eighteenth century receive illustration through two current exhibitions, one at the Knoedler Galleries, the other at the Metropolitan Museum. Many great works affirm the splendor of Venetian Renaissance art at the Knoedler showing. Vivarini and his more illustrious contemporary, Giovanni Bellini, perhaps the greatest painter of the early Renaissance, and Bellini's brother-in-law and co-worker, Mantegna, mark high spots of the fifteenth-century items in the exhibit. Bellini's *St. Jerome Reading* reminds us of his early Paduan training in its sculptured rocks as it also reflects the influence of his father, Jacopo, in its playful fantasy of bird and beast and the exuberance of landscape detail. But the emotional intensity of this painting, its subtle pattern of light, its splendor of color and suave handling are all characteristic of Bellini's own genius.

A late work by Mantegna, *Tarquin and the Cumean Sybil*, in *grisaille*, reveals how completely his passion for the antique had mastered him, drawing him away from the life about him with its flesh and blood humanity to a vision of an antique world whose figures were bas-reliefs carved in stone. Foregoing deliberately the enhancements of color, light and movement, Mantegna triumphed over these terrific handicaps through the brilliancy of his craftsmanship and the majesty of his conceptions. There is the felicitous inclusion of a panel by Crivelli, *Madonna and Child*, which, like all the work of this strange, archaistic, precious painter so remote from his contemporaries, exercises a peculiar fascination. The profuseness and intricacy of detail does not conceal the suave refinement of his handling, his tact in color or his decision of firmly modelled contours. An enchanting small panel by Palma Vecchio, *Mars and Venus*, has none of the theatrical arrangement of statuesque figures found in so much of his work, but is strikingly suggestive of Giorgione in its poetic note and of Bellini in its delicate purity of color. A tender *Madonna and Child with Saints* by Cima must also go on record.

The major constellation of the glittering galaxy of the High Renaissance is here with one or two exceptions. Veronese is represented by a magnificent *Creation of the Virgin*, its figures set against a beautiful landscape—the whole painting invested with the full splendor of this artist's Baroque sumptuousness. There is always something astounding about the princely ease of this artist's handling, the harmony of his rhythmic arabesques of design, the interplay of his patterns of light and color. *Christ on the Sea of Galilee* by Tintoretto is so powerful that it is awesome. A sense of the supernatural could hardly be more vividly conveyed. The exaggeration of figure that the artist employed so often in his mature work is given complete rectitude through the gigantic scale of the whole design. For all the drama of broken clouds, rays of livid light over waves of lapping color, this is not the work of the "Furioso" of the early audacious projections and in-

credible foreshortenings, but of a fervently religious artist whose matured genius found artistic symbols to express his imposing conceptions.

"Tiepolo and His Contemporaries," the exhibition at the Metropolitan, takes up the story after the lapse of a century, a century of defeat and decay when the humbled Queen of the Adriatic no longer believing in herself could not inspire her people to effort. The figure of Piazzetta emerges surprisingly from this miasma of futility, not only because he contrasts with the general decadence of the period, but also because he was a highly endowed artist. He bridges the merging of seventeenth-century Baroque and the eighteenth-century Rococo. His early work (not shown here) is quite Baroque in its slashing chiaroscuro and dependence on tonal effects. Yet in all his work there is a new force, a touch of northern vigor quickening the jaded Venetian pulse. Through Feti, Lys and even more through Strozzi the influence of the Baroque Rubens had made itself felt like a revivifying tonic. In Piazzetta's *Pastoral Scene*, shown here, the interest in color rather than tone and the substitution of a delicate light pattern for violent contrasts of light and shadow mark the emergence of the Rococo evidenced also in the work of Tiepolo and Guardi. Tiepolo, who kept alight the last flickering flame of Venetian art, can scarcely be discussed in a few words. If Venice had fallen, she was none the less marvelous in her dissolution. She was the center of European culture and drew all Europe irresistibly to her. Tiepolo reflects this gay, artificial world, as fragile and as exquisite as an iridescent bubble, just as Veronese had presented the majesty and splendor of the great epoch of Venetian glory. From the sketches for murals and from the group of brilliant drawings something of Tiepolo's endowment may be realized—his boldness of design, his fecundity of invention, his dazzling technique. His tact makes you forget his virtuosity; the impalpable, floating figures and rosy clouds suggest not geometry and perspective but a celestial vision. Guardi, the third great figure of this period, is admirably shown here, as well as Canaletto, Longhi, Magnasco, Bellotto and Crespi, rounding out the curious record of the brief return of vitality to a moribund art.—MARGARET BREUNING.

YOUNG NEW ENGLAND PAINTINGS

THE BOSTON Museum of Modern Art has done a bit of frontier work in offering an exhibition of "Young New England Paintings." The title calls for some explaining. Many contributors are not as young in years as they are in reputation as painters. Thus far the Museum has shown works by acknowledged artists. In this display it ignores deliberately established names, while ferreting out unheralded and little known talents from the cities and outlying districts.

Not very long ago New England was content to maintain the aloof and smug spirit of the Boston school of painters. In



GIOVANNI BELLINI: "ST. JEROME READING IN A LANDSCAPE." LENT BY SAMUEL H. KRESS TO KNOEDLER'S VENETIAN PAINTING EXHIBIT, ONE OF THE HIGH-LIGHTS OF SPRING ALONG FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

the last dozen years groups have sprouted here and there to declare their independence; but they have generally been made to feel like barbarians and intruders by the patrician arbiters of taste. We have learned, however, that in the long run it is impossible to erect walls high enough to stem the flood of ideas. Young New England has been absorbed in the

main stream of contemporary art. It is amusing to find some of our most enterprising souls at the very tip end of Cape Cod, where a town crier still functions.



The Boston Museum of Modern Art exhibition is bright and varied. The general impression is not surprising, for it follows present-day trends. There are the landscapists who have blended the fleecy textures of Renoir with the grim tonalities of Derain. Like "young" performers beyond the borders of New England, our painters have accepted, a little too glibly perhaps, the accomplishments of Parisians. Too often their lustrous lights lack warmth, their bold curves want buoyancy and they have failed to convince us that there is a throbbing vitality behind these patterned pulsations. It is a little saddening to behold how quickly the hard-won forms of the French masters have been converted into unfelt clichés. But this is

carping criticism. The Boston Modern Museum show is important, because it provides convincing proof that the lid is off; that the orthodoxly schooled Carl Saxild has found his peculiar bent in decorative abstractions which betray a nostalgic taste for Norwegian color schemes; that Miss Jean Tock of Duxbury sees eye to eye with Monsieur Rouault; that Albert Gold of Providence, Rhode Island, drifts in a surrealist ambience. More and more, painters are following a natural taste for literary or illustrative subject matter, painting in graphic, descriptive style the circus, street scenes and familiar episodes of everyday life.

There are many unheralded New Englanders who will bear watching, among them the very gifted and independent colored artist, Allan Rohan Crite; Katherine Sturgis, able water colorist; Joseph de Martini, whose imposing view of the quarries of Rockport gives considerable ballast to the exhibition.—DOROTHY ADLOW.

ROOFS FOR FORTY MILLION

THE CURRENT show of An American Group, "Roofs for Forty Million," is an effort to relate art and the contemporary social scene; not in a vague and general manner, but to a particular phase: Housing.

This has called into being the beginning of a new technique for exhibitions, requiring an intermingling of art and what are commonly miscalled "facts," social propaganda and perceptive interpretation. It is safe to say that the show under discussion is less than completely perfect in this respect. Perfection could not be expected from a first effort.

The chief fault lies in the too sharp demarcation between "fact" and "art," the models of government housing, the statistics, the hard, bitter photographs were segregated from the painting and sculpture. The "theme" of the show was split into two techniques, with the art, whatever its merit as art, suffering from its contrast, as propaganda, to the photographs of kindred subjects.

It is not a question of art criticism that I am raising, but of showmanship. The whole idea of the exhibition is so excellent

Above: GARDNER COX'S "PORTRAIT OF A BOY," IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF MODERN ART'S EXHIBITION, YOUNG NEW ENGLAND PAINTINGS, WHICH INCLUDES WORK BY THE NEWLY ARRIVING GENERATION OF ARTISTS, MANY OF THEM LITTLE KNOWN



HENRY MATTSON'S "MOONLIT STILL LIFE" SHONE PROMINENTLY IN THE RECENT GROUP EXHIBIT AT REHN'S



"FIGURES AND STILL LIFE," BY EDWIN W. DICKINSON WHO, SURPRISINGLY, HAD NOT HAD A ONE-MAN SHOW BEFORE. HIS INITIAL SOLO SHOW WAS PRESENTED BY GEORGETTE PASSEDOIT, NEW YORK

that the new technique required should be carefully studied. Although the purpose was to show the social oneness of art, architecture and "housing," a vestigial trace of the belief that art is a thing apart split the unity of appeal. Probably this was inevitable in a show sponsored by artists, as it would have also been the case if sponsored by housers. The first major success along this line may be made by a commercial advertising outfit which cares neither for art nor housing but only for propaganda.

Another difficulty was in a confusion of purpose. There was art *for* housing—murals, sculpture, buildings. There was also art *about* housing—slums, the destitute in and out of the slums, factories, old and decaying streets, some of this frankly "social," some only incidentally so. There were photographs

that were economic venom, some merely factual, some of totally unrelated architecture. There was a slap at the World's Fair "Town of Tomorrow" which should have been a kick or else not there at all.

Stimulating, yes—let's have more of the same, and get our efforts intermingled, break down the stratification between "art" and "architecture" and "social effort." It is the only way we will arrive at a decent community art, a unity with life instead of a series of comments about it—and mostly bitter comments. Even the Government's architecture looks distinctly sour-puss because presented in dull models or photographed without people. It's people that make art or projects alive.

It is to be hoped that the group will continue to be inter-



ested in housing, constructively; and that the housers get interested in art, practically. Future projects for housing should develop cooperative effort between artists and architects so that murals and sculpture may be an integral part of the design, not an after-thought. This will need much educational work with the Government officials responsible for inception and program. It is up to the artists to lead the way: officials are too indifferent and architects are too unimaginative.—HENRY S. CHURCHILL.

Readers will find an illustrated article on An American Group, Inc. by Ernest Brace beginning on page 271 of this issue.—ED.

DUVENECK AT THE WHITNEY

CONTINUING ITS policy of holding exhibitions which bring into focus, personalities and periods in American art, the Whitney Museum is showing until May 15 a collection of paintings by Frank Duveneck. The exhibition offers art lovers who have not visited the Cincinnati Museum, where the only representative collection of Duveneck's works are to be seen, their first opportunity for investigating the Duveneck legend. For the persistence of a reputation which rested upon the brilliant work of a brief period back in the '70's and early '80's, and survived a long period of non-activity in the art world although he continued to teach and did not die until 1919, is extraordinary in itself and must be attributed to some special potency of personality.

But possibly it would be more accurate to say that the exhibition affords an opportunity for investigating at first hand two legends, since a counter legend sprang up after the advent of Impressionism which was later fortified by the "America for the Americans" school. Adherents to these schools of thought relegated Duveneck to oblivion as having been an



Top of page: "FAIRFIELD BEACH" BY THOMAS DONNELLY, INCLUDED IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION AT MARIE HARRIMAN'S. Below: A REFLECTION OF LOUIS BOUCHE'S PREOCCUPATION WITH WALLS MAY BE SEEN IN HIS OIL, "MURAL ASSISTANT," INCLUDED IN HIS RECENT ONE-MAN EXHIBIT AT KRAUSHAAR'S.



FRANK DUENECK: "PORTRAIT OF AMY FOLSOM." LENT TO THE WHITNEY MUSEUM'S EXHIBITION BY CHARLES F. WILLIAMS FAMILY. THIS SHOWING GIVES NEW YORK ITS FIRST CHANCE TO REVALUE THE WORK OF A MAN WHO WAS A REVOLUTIONARY IN HIS TIME BUT WHO HAS BEEN UNACCOUNTABLY NEGLECTED SINCE

expatriate exponent of demodé Munich bravura. As a result it is safe to say that few members of the younger generation even so much as know his name.

The charming and informative foreword to the exhibition catalog was written by Mr. Norbert Heerman, who had the privilege of studying with Duveneck and who has published a monograph on his life and work and is at present engaged upon a more exhaustive biography.

Important as it is for both older and younger generation to be reminded of the facts of Duveneck's life, it is the admiration and sympathy which Duveneck inspired and which permeates Mr. Heerman's biographical introduction that suc-

ceeds in recreating something of Duveneck's magnetic personality. For in common with all legend-making temperaments the legend depends as much upon the effect of a powerful personality as it does upon actual achievement, however important it may be.

But the pictures themselves attest the warmth and richness of Duveneck's personality. And despite the radical changes that have taken place in esthetic values—and despite the current disapproval of virtuosity—the triumphant fact of personality remains. It emerges through the enveloping bitumen, it triumphs over the "dazzling brush work," and makes the exhibition something more than a valuable survey



"PORTRAIT OF MIRO" BY BALTHUS, THE FRENCHMAN IMPORTED BY PIERRE MATISSE WITH A SUCCESS RECALLING THE BOOM OF THE '20'S

of a period and of an artist who once played an important part in the development of American painting, fascinating as the historical angle is at that.

It is significant, in view of the vitality which the pictures continue to display, that Duveneck was a pioneer and a revolutionary. His pioneering was not, however, confined solely to America where he became a leader of the liberal movement which resulted in the founding of the Society of American Artists, but had already evinced itself in his Munich days. There, almost at the outset of his career, he joined with Wilhelm Leibl, the leader of the new school of realism, to oppose the domination of the Academy where the neo-classicisms of the school of Cornelius and the Piloty school of historic genre held sway.

Only a few of the young Americans who went abroad to study in these years joined the radical forces of the day. The majority went to Paris and attended the orthodox classes of Gérôme, Lefebvre or Boulanger. They knew nothing of Courbet, nor, a little later, of Impressionism. And they only appeared to be radical when they returned to America because a superior technical equipment set them apart from the provincial die-hards who dominated the art world. But Duveneck was a revolutionary and a leader. And so much of both that he withdrew from the Academy where he had made a brilliant record to teach the ideals of the new movement in



"THE RESURRECTION," ILLUMINATED MINIATURE FROM A SAXON MANUSCRIPT OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. THE PAGE BEARING THIS ILLUSTRATION WAS INCLUDED IN THE IMPRESSIVE EASTER EXHIBITION AT THE MORGAN LIBRARY. HELPFUL IN MAKING THE SHOW COMPREHENSIBLE TO A WIDER SECTION OF THE PUBLIC WERE THE INTERPRETIVE LABELS; THE ONE FOR THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE READ AS FOLLOWS: "A FORCEFUL, EXPRESSIVE COMPOSITION ACHIEVED BY THE AGITATION OF THE DRAPERY, THE BROKEN TOMB AND THE TRIUMPHAL IMPETUS OF THE FIGURE OF CHRIST"

a school of his own founding, which was situated at Polling, a country town close to Munich. Young talent with liberal tendencies flocked to his studio causing Piloty to say "there is more talent at Polling than in all the Academy." The new movement emphasized objective realism and a study of the old masters, notably the so called painter's painters—Hals, Rubens, Holbein and Velasquez. The use of bitumen which offered fascinating technical possibilities also succeeded in producing old master effects.

The paintings which compose the Whitney Museum exhibition have been chosen for the most part from the Munich period. They are with only a few exceptions portraits. And those which are actual portraits and not posed models are far superior. Gedney Bunce and John Alexander, the latter one of the "Duveneck boys" who followed Duveneck to Florence and Italy when the Munich School was disbanded, Dr. Loetz of the Munich Academy, Amy Folsom and the sensitive portrait of his wife—they all affirm the esthetic credo of the new movement which Leibl voiced when he said "*Ich mahle was ich sehe, da ist die Seele ohnehin dabei*" (I paint what I see, then the soul is there also). Although Duveneck for all his objectivity and emphasis on the craft of painting succeeds in giving his portraits an intensity and a sense of his personal reaction to the subject which is lacking in the work of the great Bavarian realist.—HELEN APPLETON READ.

AROUND NEW YORK

ACADEMY ON THE UPSWING

THE ACADEMY annual used to be a placidly dull and undiversified affair. In recent years under the guidance of Jonas Lie an effort has been made to liven up the performance through numerous invited artists whose work would have made the academicians of yesteryear laugh, snort or swear. Perhaps the N. A.'s and A. N. A.'s are still not reconciled to showing with some of their guests. But last year and again this year a considerable proportion of the prizes and awards went to outsiders; a considerable number of artists were represented at both the Academy and the Independents; and the big annual of the Academy gained diversity and interest. Has it been at the cost of ceasing to be the Academy Annual as it used to be understood; and, in that case, is the Exhibition anything more than just another group show with "Academy Annual" as a title seeming a very outgrown garment indeed?

Staid followers of that august body, if they still go to the exhibition, must be rather at a loss. Of course they will still find a portrait by Ernest Ipsen (or was it by Paul Trebilcock?) and a portrait by Raymond Neilson (or was it by Ernest Ipsen?) and a portrait by Paul Trebilcock (or was it by Raymond Neilson?). They will find a landscape by George Elmer Browne (or was it by Roy Brown?) and a marine by Stanley Woodward (or was it by Gordon Grant?). They will find a Leon Kroll studio nude; they will find a Waugh ledge with foam flying and water pouring off. They will find a clever Wayman Adams full length of a musician and perhaps they

will remember that there is a Boldini show down the street at the Newhouse Gallery. They will see a monumental *Dionysius* by Edward McCartan, with all the attributes of antic divinity except an impalpable aegis. They will find a canvas of Randall Davey (elected A. N. A. last year) and perhaps remember that Davey used to show with the Independents a score of years ago. Davey is the winner this year of the Clarke figure composition prize—one of those much qualified Academy awards.

The visitor of other years will find newer names than these represented by work primarily on the academic side but more modern in spirit—work which will not set his hair on end but is affiliated with a more recent vintage. Robert Brackman's *Still Life with Figure* is far from his best piece and not to be mentioned in the same breath with his poignant portrait of Anne Lindbergh, but it is nevertheless a graceful and gracious bit of brushwork. Jerry Farnsworth, whose paintings are one of the all too few inducements to visit the Grand Central Galleries, is another figure composition prize winner—an Altman prize, the other going to Abram Poole, A. N. A., for a costume set piece called *Spanish Sisters*. The Poole is as expected, but the Farnsworth, although standing out in present company, is far from that artist's best work. And there is Henrik Mayer's semi-primitive, semi-Hudson River school painting, *Picnic on the Allegheny*, which divides the two Altman landscape prizes with another of Frank Mechau's canvases of wild horses. The Saltus Medal of Merit goes to Jonas Lie for his characteristic *Old Smugglers Cove*. The Isidor Medal for a figure composition goes to Jerome Myers for his *East-side Market*. Not Waugh but Hayley Lever is the winner of

(Continued on page 307)

WITH HIS "SEASCAPE" HAYLEY LEVER TOOK THE EDWIN PAMER MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR MARINE PAINTING AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION, THUS BREAKING THE PRECEDENT WHICH HAS USUALLY GIVEN THAT AWARD TO MORE NATURALISTIC TRANSCRIPTIONS





"Portrait of a Venetian Senator" by Tintoretto, the first work by that master to enter the Frick Collection, New York. Most recently heretofore in the possession of Lord Duveen, the picture formerly was in the collection of the Duke of Abercorn. It was shown in London twice in the last century at the Royal Academy. Ten years ago it was shown as a part of the Inaugural Exhibition of the Art Gallery, Toronto

What Next, Mr. Jefferson?

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS in the Jefferson Memorial controversy make it questionable whether the design from the office of John Russell Pope, a variation of the familiar "Pantheon" type, will actually be built in Washington's Potomac Park. The slightly revised design (see cut on page 316) was not acceptable to the Fine Arts Commission, of which Gilmore D. Clarke is Chairman. This came as an unforeseen blow to the prestige of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission.

Other blows also fell. Representative Otha D. Wearin of Iowa introduced his bill (H. R. 9528) which would make designs for Federal buildings and monuments procurable by open competition. The bill has lively backing, notably from the National Competitions Committee, and would prevent reenactment of performances like that of the Memorial Commission. Mr. Wearin discusses his bill on page 266 in this issue.

April 11 saw the introduction of Representative Kent Keller's bill (H. R. 10217) amending the act authorizing a memorial to Jefferson so that the design would be selected by competition. The program for this competition would be written by a committee made up of the chairmen of the Fine Arts Commission and the National Capital Park and Planning Commission and the Supervising Architect, Procurement Division, Treasury Department. The winning design, however, would have to be referred to Congress for final ap-

proval. The bill was given a public hearing before the House Library Committee; no opposition was offered.

The desirability of the Potomac Park site is questioned by Morley Jeffers Williams in his article on page 268. His unusual knowledge of the history of the plan of Washington and of present day conditions gives his findings great authority.

The reasoning of the Memorial Commission is given in a letter (on page 315) from Fiske Kimball, a member of the Commission and Director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

An Important Appointment

ON JULY 1 Gilmore D. Clarke, nationally known landscape architect and Chairman of the Fine Arts Commission, will take up his new duties as Dean of the College of Architecture at Cornell University. He will, however, continue to serve as consultant in his present commitments and retain his association with the New York firm of Vitale and Geiffert, Gilmore D. Clarke, Landscape Architects.

Mr. Clarke graduated from Cornell in 1913 and served overseas during the war. On his return he was appointed Superintendent of Construction of the Bronx River Parkway, New York, and in 1923 became Landscape Architect for the Westchester County Park Commission, a position he held until 1934. His work in Westchester won him a national reputation and incidentally the Architectural League Gold



Charles Burchfield's water color, "Abandoned Farm House," has just been added to the Hall Collection, University of Nebraska

Medal. Mr. Clarke subsequently served as consulting landscape architect of the Department of Parks, New York City, the Niagara Frontier State Park Commission, the Mount Vernon Memorial Highway and the Maryland State Planning Board. He was first appointed to the National Commission of Fine Arts by President Hoover in 1933 and reappointed by President Roosevelt in 1936. He became Chairman in 1937. He is a member of the New York State Planning Council and of the Board of Design of the New York World's Fair, 1939.

A Reversal of Decision

THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR is to have an exhibition of contemporary American art, after all. The decision, which was announced by Grover Whalen, President of the Fair Corporation, reverses a previous one, after months of controversy.

Members of a governing committee appointed by Mr. Whalen consist of A. Conger Goodyear, President of the Museum of Modern Art, who will act as Chairman; Mrs. Juliana Force, Director of the Whitney Museum of American Art; Herbert E. Winlock, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and Philip N. Youtz, President of the American Federation of Arts. Holger Cahill, representing the World's Fair, will be director of the exhibition. An artists' committee has been appointed, which comprises Jonas Lie, John Gregory, Stuart Davis, Anne Goldthwaite, Eugene Speicher, William Zorach, Paul Manship and Hugo Gellert.

The building designated for the exhibit (originally intended for a community arts demonstration) will have sufficient space to show eight hundred contemporary works of art, including sculpture, painting and graphic art. At a preliminary meeting of the committee one of the first decisions made was to show only the work of living American artists.

Contemporary Art for Nebraska

FIVE WORKS of art from its annual exhibition were recently acquired by the University of Nebraska, thereby augmenting an American collection which rivals that of any university in the country. The purchases were made for the F. M. Hall Collection under the terms of a bequest which in 1928 left the University Mr. and Mrs. Hall's private collection along with funds for new acquisitions. The five selections were: *Mahone Bay* by William J. Glackens (reproduced in color in the November, 1937, issue of the Magazine) and *Winter, Pittsburgh* by Ernest Fiene, both oils; Charles Burchfield's *Abandoned Farm House*, a water color; and two bronzes, *Wandering Three* by Heinz Warneke and *Dolphins* by Gaston Lachaise.

Last year's additions to the Hall Collection included *Bali Natives* by Maurice Sterne, *Self Portrait* by Henry Varnum Poor and *Miners Resting* by Paul Sample.

Under the leadership of Dwight Kirsch the Department of Fine Arts at the University of Nebraska is steadily raising its standards. This process is not confined to the obvious quality of the contemporary American art being added every year to the Hall Collection. Mr. Kirsch and his staff seem to understand that a college art department, although it may give technical courses in painting, sculpture and the graphic arts, must guard against placing chief emphasis on a vocational approach. That is properly the sphere of the art school, whereas the college department should primarily familiarize its students with the arts as part of the whole cultural picture. In this way an art department can leaven the loaf of a college education.

John Sloan Retrospective at Andover

THE ADDISON GALLERY at Andover, Massachusetts, is giving John Sloan a retrospective show until May 18. To mark the event a unique catalog has been published, for which he writes the introduction himself and comments on each picture as only the artist could. The project comes as a surprise; one wonders why other shows and other catalogs have not been done this way before. However, there is only one John Sloan; surely he is one of the few who could comment on his own work without seeming, or actually being, on the look-out for publicity.

The show includes thirty-three paintings ranging from *The Ferry Slip, Winter*, of 1906, to *Nude and Nine Apples* painted last year. There are, also, thirty drawings, seventy-four etchings and nine lithographs. The selection for the most part is the artist's own, and it is good to know that his choice can be generous in number.

Looking back over his forty years of painting John Sloan says: "In attempting to trace some underlying relationship between my motives, past and present, I conclude that the

(Continued on page 305)



Aquamanile, French, XIII Century. Lent by the Brummer Gallery to the exhibition of the Horse in Art put on by students at the Fogg Museum

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LIGHTED STAGES: PLAYS WITHOUT SETTINGS

BY JAMES REID PARKER

WHAT WAS the phrase that George C. Tyler used in the billing of *Macbeth* at the old Knickerbocker Theatre in New York? Wasn't it "designments by Gordon Craig"? Most of us felt at the time that the word "designments" was perhaps unnecessarily swank. This year we have had several plays without any "designments" at all. As far as the current pieces are concerned, this has been a move at once intelligent and practical. In the case of plays to come, it may, unless a certain amount of discretion is employed, become misdirected swank and nothing more.

I don't think that there is much likelihood of the commercial theatre losing its head in this matter, but I feel that there is an even chance that the tributary theatre will go hog-wild as soon as it hears the fascinating phrase, "sceneryless plays." No doubt these words, fraught with the sweet music of economy, have already intoxicated more amateur producers and directors than you and I suspect. The ticklish part of the business is that while certain plays can indisputably get along without scenery, others need just a little, and still others need a great deal. Always, if the scene designers don't do the job, the audiences have to. Many audiences can't. The character of an audience, quite as much as the character of a manuscript, must determine a producer's decision regarding any scenery problem. It is comparatively easy to determine whether a play needs much, a little, or none, once the probable nature of the audience has been established. It all depends on how extensively a manuscript allows an audience to participate in its proceedings—on how much the play resorts to "mental action" as opposed to "physical action" in its actual development. Farces and melodramas are likely to achieve their ends by physical action alone, without requiring very much of an audience except its attention. Tragedies, comedies and serious plays have a way of getting there by using mental action instead. Characterization promptly becomes more important than plot intricacies. Certain plays in these latter divisions, then, may very well present opportunities for simplifying the scenic side of a production. The harder the poor audience has to think, the less scenery it will want to be bothered with. This is an informal and mildly ungrammatical way of putting it, but it's the best I can do. Frankly, there are times when even a minimum of scenery can be intrusive.

Assuming that we are dealing with a moderately intelligent audience, I think we can agree that *Hamlet*, for example, gets across pretty well with the requisite props, but scarcely any scenery at all. The best scenery for *Hamlet*, if you feel that you must have backgrounds, is the kind that is almost invisible. Robert Edmond Jones had vague ideas in this direction when

he designed that basic single set for Arthur Hopkins years ago. The trouble was that even Jones' carefully simplified single set wasn't sufficiently "invisible." *Twelfth Night* can get along with something that barely suggests a setting. This time, the background doesn't have to be quite so invisible. In the case of *Twelfth Night*, the audience is required to do a little work, but not much. Back in 1930-31 Jane Cowl and Raymond Sovey worked this out to their audience's complete satisfaction. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* needs scenery. Lots of it. At a good performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the audience isn't obliged to do a lick of work. All Shakespeare asks is that we be as attentive as possible and not rustle our programs while he entertains us. I have been generalizing, I know. But these, roughly, are the three representative classifications. The amount of scenery that is needed for any play varies inversely with the amount of active thinking than an audience is required to do.

This season, *Our Town*, *The Cradle Will Rock*, and *Julius Caesar* have managed to get along very comfortably without scenery. They happened to be plays that permitted a playgoer to use his mind, if he had one, while he was in the theatre. *Shadow and Substance*, which employed a simple setting, could have succeeded just as well on a bare stage. A realistic depiction of the room in Canon Skerritt's house didn't hurt Mr. Carroll's play. But it didn't help it, except to convey a literal idea of the canon's esthetic tastes, which the dialogue helpfully discussed at some length. *Processional* needed only enough scenery to suggest its mood and temper, and this is just what the Federal Theatre gave it. (A similar problem was happily solved in the case of *The Green Pastures*, for example.) *On Borrowed Time*, requiring plenty of emotional activity on the part of its audiences, rather than any lively intellectual response, needed, and was fortunately given, a beautifully detailed setting so realistic that it must have made the ghost of Belasco writhe with jealousy.

I don't mean to suggest in the case of a thoroughly bad play the stage designer can do *all* the work and compensate for the dramatist's defects. Managers have often tried to save a clap-trap piece from the guillotine by giving it elaborate, if not breath-taking, décor. They have never succeeded.

I hope the tributary theatre will determine how much intellectual cooperation a script requires from its audiences, and exactly how much of this the audiences may reasonably be expected to give, before an army of aggressively experimental directors proudly announce that their next little morsel "will be done with absolutely *no* scenery whatever."

For "know thyself," read "know thy audience."

ACTIVITY

(Continued from page 302)

fact that the old pictures of city life were painted from memory furnished the communicating link. In painting from memory one paints from the thing itself and is not making a visual record. The sense of reality is a mental product which may be carried in the memory and furnishes all necessary creative impulse. The work of the last ten years has been done with this as a conscious urge, whether done in the presence of the subject matter or from memory. My present credo—is briefly, first, the eye sees only color; second, form, light and shade, are mental deductions based on experience. No scientific nor clever nor sensitive nor plodding record of the visual produces a work of real esthetic import"

Readers will remember Ernest Brace's article on Sloan in the March, 1938, issue of MAGAZINE OF ART.

Naturalism Symposium

VENTURE of unusual interest is the symposium on *Courbet and the Naturalistic Movement*, to be held at the Baltimore Museum of Art on May 16, 17 and 18, wherein an artistic movement will be considered in relation to the whole cultural background of the period. In connection with the symposium the Museum has arranged a loan exhibition of paintings by Courbet to be held through the month of May, and the Walters Gallery will show some of its specimens of French official art of Courbet's period.

The program for the symposium is as follows:

May 16—*The Political and Social Background of Naturalism*, J. M. S. Allison, Professor of History, Yale University

Naturalism in Science, Henry E. Siegerist, Professor of the History of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University

Naturalism in Literature, Albert Schinz, Professor of French Literature, University of Pennsylvania

Naturalism in Music, Laurence A. Petran, Instructor in Harmony, Peabody Conservatory of Music

May 17—*The Precursors of Naturalism*, John Tull Baker, Associate Professor in Philosophy, Wells College

Courbet and His Critics, George Boas, Professor of the History of Philosophy, Johns Hopkins University

The Academic Point of View in the Second Empire, Eleanor Spencer Patterson, Professor of Fine Arts, Goucher College

The Anti-Naturalists, Ruth Cherniss

May 18—*Naturalism in America*, Charles H. Sawyer, Curator of the Addison Gallery of American Art

Naturalism in England, R. D. Feild, Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, Harvard University

Naturalism in the Graphic Arts, Adelyn Breeskin, Curator of Prints, Baltimore Museum of Art

These papers will be published in a volume to be issued by the Johns Hopkins Press and distributed this month.

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May Conventions

ACCORDING TO our time-honored custom we list the conventions of societies active in the art field being held this month:

American Association for Adult Education, Asbury Park, New Jersey, May 16-19;

Association of Art Museum Directors, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, May 17-18.

American Association of Museums, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, May 19-21.

Also, as a reminder, we mention (placed last for emphasis) our own convention:

American Federation of Arts, Washington, D. C., May 23-25.

The meetings will be held again this year at the Wardman Park Hotel. The program (as of April 15) appears on the inside front cover of this number.



"Well at Guadalupe" by Milford Zornes of California won the Tuthill Purchase Prize in the Seventeenth International Water Color Exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago this month.

Actor, Singer, Artist—and Man

FEODOR CHALIAPIN, great Russian basso who died in Paris on April 12, wrote his own epitaph—"Here rests Chaliapin, actor, singer, artist—and man."

That he was all of these things and more besides, no one will deny. His impersonation of Boris Godunoff in Moussourgsky's opera of that name should alone give him claim to immortality. It is rare indeed to find a singer who can act, or an actor who can sing, and when these attributes are combined with an almost uncanny power and insight, the result is genius.

The Horse in Art

EIGHTEEN STUDENTS of Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges have assembled an exhibition depicting the horse in art, in connection with Professor Sachs' seminar in museum work. The show, which includes painting and sculpture, will be on view at the Fogg Art Museum until May 20.

Aiming to show how the horse was presented in art from early times to the present day, the exhibition includes painting



"The Landlord" by Edmund Blampied is one of the English examples in the Seventeenth International Water Color Exhibition being shown at the Art Institute of Chicago all through May

ings and drawings by Albrecht Durer, Sassetta, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Goya, David, Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Degas and Chirico. Oriental objects include an Indian relief and a T'ang horse. Among the lenders are the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; the Chicago Art Institute; the Detroit Institute of Arts; the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York; the Nelson Gallery, Kansas City; the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia; the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence; and a number of private collectors.

SEEING THE SHOWS

(Continued from page 299)

The Palmer marine painting prize—a canvas showing serried waves creaming in over a beach, while a veritable procession of small boats at angles with a reef forms the design. The Hallgarten prizes go to Clyde Singer for a crowded *Barn Dance*; to Ogden Pleissner for *South Pass City*, which certainly does not show that young man's best lighting or most impressive clarity; and to Robert Weaver for *Wagon 97*, a bright and picturesque circus subject. And Jon Corbino, still echoing certain old masters in construction and coloring, obtains the Adolph and Clara Obrig prize for "a painting in oil by an American artist": the wording of the Academy awards is surely to be the subject some day of a wondering monograph by some puzzled research student.

To be sure there are outsiders like the two Santa Fe artists—Russell Cowles and B. J. O. Nordfeldt, whose landscapes are original and strikingly effective in the midst of the welter. There is Sidney Laufman's fine *Grove of Trees*. There is Gordon Samstag's bold and simplified *Shipping Clerk*. But such works seem strangely irrelevant in the presence of that pallid bit of levitation, *Morning*, by John C. Johansen. And the sculpture! What does the ornate *Dionysius* of McCartan think of its vis-a-vis *Upheaval* by Gleb Derujinsky, winner of the Elizabeth N. Watrous gold medal for sculpture: a monstrous super-Lachaisean figure. And between the two is the even more amazing *Anteater* by Erwin Springweiller, winner of the Ellen P. Speyer memorial prize for a piece of sculpture "por-

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traying an act of humaneness towards animals" . . . ? If that anteater were represented by some New York attorneys there might be a legal action in the air—perhaps a writ of replevin to recover his self-respect.

The print show in the Academy Room may be reached before the visitor enters the big tent and again on departing. Some visitors looked over the prints twice accordingly—first as a bracer and last as an antidote. Here were black-and-whites to remember, by Howard Cook, John Costigan, Adolf Dehn, Wanda Gag, Thomas Handforth, Albert Heckman, Paul Landacre, Robert Riggs, Harry Wickey, Stow Wengenroth, R. Stephens Wright and a dozen, nay a score of others. To many the print room was assuredly the high point of the 1938 Academy annual.

SCULPTORS OUT OF DOORS.

VERY DIFFERENT from the staid Vale of Academe is the exhibition originated, arranged and directed by the Sculptors Guild. In a vacant lot at Thirty-ninth Street and Park Avenue, where a model housing exhibition used to be located, nearly fifty of the torchbearers of contemporary sculpture got to work, doing the landscaping themselves in the rain and mud of the worst week of April. Men and women toiled together. A fence was erected and covered with canvas. Paths were laid out and shrubbery planted. The list of patrons grew, including museum directors, Federal and municipal officials, connoisseurs and collectors, members of the social register and patrons of the arts generally—an imposing list.

The hardworking artists were rewarded by a bright sunshiny opening day and a capacity audience. At last accounts the show seemed destined to run well into May. The ten point program announced by the Guild included cultural, educative and stimulative objectives, the enlistment of architectural and museum and public interest, to uphold new art values and to combat reactionary tendencies and any attempt at curtailment of artistic freedom, etc. The exhibition made an excellent impression and illustrated the program. One of the enthusiastic sponsors was that dean of academic painters, Harry Watrous, lending his mellow experience to a new struggle.

Certainly the show presented some memorable work. Perhaps it is a definite turning point in the struggle of contemporary sculptors to obtain an adequate hearing for an art fallen of late on evil days. Some of the pieces had been seen before but bore up well on reacquaintance—notably such works as the Zorach *Spirit of the Dance* and the massively expressive *Head in Black Granite* by de Creeft. Here are also Sonia Gordon Brown's two heroic figures, *Toward a New Day*, expressing the spirit of the occasion. Helene Sardeau's gracious and simplified *Kneeling Figure*; Milton Horn's *Portrait of the Artist's Mother*, a serene interpretation of age; Chaim Gross's involved rhythms; Cornelia Chapin's *Bear Cub* in volcanic rock; Saul Baizerman's *March of the Innocents*, a relief in hammered copper; Louis Slobodkin's erect and arresting *Shulamith*; and pieces by Milton Hebal and Nat Warner

(scarcely emerged from their panic over their recent first and very creditable shows at the A. C. A. Gallery)—all these and nearly a hundred other pieces in wide variety and seemingly in every medium, were effectively exhibited in the made-to-order surroundings. Here were Paul Manship's giant and smoothly executed *Hound Dog*, Cesare Stea's somewhat cub-



Milton Horn's terra cotta, "The Sculptor's Mother," was among those present in open air show of Sculptors' Guild in New York

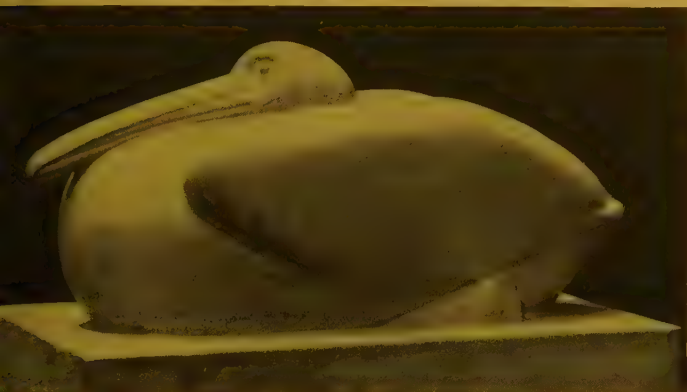
istic *Man With Book* in aluminum patina, Minna Harkavy's striking bronze portrait head of Hall Johnson. And so midtown New York sat up and took notice.

FOUR SOLOS

LATE INTO April the solos of artists familiar or less known continued, bringing into the galleries events of more than passing interest. In the wake of George Picken's show at the Mari Harriman Gallery came the paintings of Thomas Donnelly. Picken's friend and fellow worker, who has, moreover, betaken himself to the same or similar scenes. A number of Donnelly's canvases were not new: the effective *Valhalla Bridge* comes from several years back. In his industrial subjects Donnelly makes use of clarity and firmness more than does Picken and his color is sure and rational. His paintings have not, perhaps the emotional drive of Picken's, but the brush work is more convincing and he never lets down in scrubby effects as Picken unfortunately occasionally relapses. His paintings of red barn and freight yards and one of the gouaches of a football game may especially be chalked up on the credit side of the ledger along with *Harmon Roundhouse* and the *Fairfield Beach* with

is sweep and distances and the nice spotting of color among the beach umbrellas.

Only now in his middle forties is Edwin Dickinson holding his first one-man show. His work has been chiefly known through semi-occasional pictures in summer group exhibitions on Cape Cod; but cousin Sidney's academic fame has perhaps overshadowed him. It will be remembered too, perhaps, that one of Edwin's large paintings, *The Fossil Hunters*, after receiving the second Altman prize at the Academy in 1929, was for some time hung upside down and met further misadventure at the Carnegie. This and the equally large *Figures and Still Life* of last year are in the show at Georgette Passedoit's long with those amazingly subtle effects in grayish mono-



Cornelia Van A. Chapin's "Pelican in Repose" carved direct in marble was included in her April show at Fifteen Gallery, N.Y.

ones—a church, an interior, or the *Brook* lent for the occasion by the Garret Club of Buffalo. On closer examination it is further amazing what subtle use of touches of color are apparent in the grays. In the big *Figures and Still Life* the glow of the gold leaf from the mantel at the left and the extraordinary texture painting in the drapes at the back are set off by a cool delft vase in the foreground. The figure pieces are sensitive things. About the work clings a curious impression of morbidity and a monastic air combined with something grimly Spanish in spirit. It is as individual a show as I have seen in years, the older work being topped off with some recent semi-abstract landscapes and misty marines done recently in France; these later pieces are quite as original and arresting in their vigorous and sometimes swashy brushwork as the older meticulously painted subjects. The oldest picture dates from 1924; the latest from the present year. A number of them, it would seem, are decidedly museum caliber, if museums calibrate contemporary painting.

Louis Bouché has been hard at work on mural projects for the Federal Government and for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Whether he has not found much time over to devote to easel painting I do not know. But his show, chiefly of small pictures, at Kraushaar's, produced several excellent things and several, it seems to me, of questionable worth to his considerable reputation. Two well thought out and emotive landscapes were among the best—color carefully considered, mood established, brushed with distinction. There

were, too, the amusing and carefully constructed *Dirty Dick's, Nassau*, the austere *Studio Interior with Model*, the delightfully nonchalant *Mural Assistant*, and an interior consisting of a large piece of furniture which had been moved out from its wonted corner and cavalierly portrayed from the side usually out of sight. But with these pieces the imagination and inspiration seem to have given out; the figure pieces are rather

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routine and a portrait or two did not stir one. The visitor returned to the half dozen cited, particularly the *Summer landscape* which was in the Whitney invitation show, for a thrill of gratification and assurance that Bouché could do it if he wanted to do it.

Pierre Matisse, putting on his Balthus show, proved that something new and decidedly interesting can still come out of Paris. Balthus is a curious mixture. One thinks of half a dozen French contemporary painters on seeing this work; yet Balthus is not to be dismissed as a mere eclectic, nor, still less, as an imitator. His palette is keyed low. There is something rooted in folk art in his approach, sophisticated as that approach

is. There is strength, there is hardness, there is most of all striking sense of architectural rhythms in the work. His *Toilette de Cathy* has cynical humor. The portrait of Derain in striped dressing gown with model in the background is in sardonic mood. There is stiffness and yet something old-masterly in the *Fille au Gilet Rouge* with lovely textures and color in the girl's jacket and skirt. *La Rue* of five years ago is curiously primitive, but, again, sophisticated primitive. The *Brother and Sister* has a robot-like quality as if the figures were constructed architecturally from a meccano set. And Balthus can draw—and paint—and he is very much himself.

—HOWARD DEVRE

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EASTER AT THE MORGAN LIBRARY

KEEPING in tune with the season the Morgan Library presented an Easter exhibition which may be regarded as a sequel to the Christmas show of grateful memory held there two years ago. It is a noble gathering of close to one hundred and ten precious illuminated manuscripts, of outstanding medieval enamels and goldsmith work and of etchings and drawings including items such as several of Rembrandt's masterpieces and a cartoon by Raphael. Heterogeneous as these things are, they are blended into one polyphonic chorus in telling the story of the episodes connected with the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of the Lord.

Not alone the Library's fabulous wealth of material is responsible for the successful attainment of the purpose set, but organizing genius and seasoned scholarship as well. Indeed, the set-up of the exhibition is in itself a feature worth dwelling upon. The visitor's glance is drawn to a standing case containing twenty-eight miniatures from a fourteenth-century North Italian manuscript ingeniously mounted to give the impression of the predella part of an altarpiece rather than that of loose book illustrations.

As these twenty-eight miniatures portray the entire series of episodes of the Easter cycle they seem to constitute a synthesis of the exhibition. At the same time each miniature provides a key to one of the separate sections of the exhibit, where the individual episodes are represented by a choice of aesthetically as well as iconographically significant examples. These date from the ninth to the seventeenth century and span the vast area that stretches from England across the continent to the monastic establishments of Byzantium and Armenia. In accordance with the liturgical calendar, the entire cycle opens with representations of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the feast which introduces Holy Week, and concludes with depictions of the Ascension, which in the first four centuries of the Christian era was included in the Easter celebration.

The brilliantly edited labels are a noteworthy feature of the show. Guide labels in the center of each case indicate the calendar date of each theme, its textual, that is, biblical and extra-biblical sources as well as its ritual or secular origins. They continue with an account of the theme's earliest appearance in art, as for instance on wall paintings in the Roman catacombs or on early Christian sarcophagi; and, finally, trace the evolution of each theme throughout the succeeding centuries within various cultural settings. These labels are followed by individual labels affixed to the objects shown and commenting upon their historic, iconographic, or stylistic characteristics. It is to be regretted that these labels so rich in factual and inspirational matter necessarily will disappear once the exhibit is dismantled. A good label is in reality the essence of a good book or of several good books. Why not then preserve this wealth of fugitive information in a more permanent and accessible form? Perhaps the Morgan Library, so keen on the diffusion of knowledge in its particular

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field, will find means to perpetuate this intrinsic part of its exhibitions.—HERBERT WEISSBERGER.

FRANCIS SPEIGHT

(Continued from page 263)

again, in a list of his sales—"bought by the Fellowship," "bought by the Lambert Fund," "bought by the Ranger Fund," or, with provocative insistence, "bought by an Academy student." A few canvases have been acquired by museums. In 1932 the Metropolitan Museum bought *Spring in Manayunk*, and the same year *Snow* went to the Toronto Museum.

After entering various government competitions, Francis Speight, in 1936, won his first commission to paint a mural tracing the story of cotton for the post office in Gastonia, North Carolina. It is a subject that, literally, took him home. On the strength of the job he married a former pupil, Sarah

Jane Blakeslee, who coincidentally, had achieved a similar commission to place in the Strasburg, Virginia, post office the story of apple-picking in the Shenandoah Valley. In the fall the two artists wandered south to paint the country in all its bright colors.

Today, in the workshop studio up the steep worn stairs of 722 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, the two murals are taking shape on opposite walls. There is in the atmosphere of this somewhat cramped room the essence of simplicity—a quiet, mutual seriousness that seems the repetition or, perhaps, the continuance of that other companionship existing in student days between Francis Speight and his sister Tulie.

Speight's influences have been personal. First, his sister; then, at the Pennsylvania Academy, Daniel Garber, Henry McCarter, Arthur B. Carles and Hugh Breckenridge. It is to Garber, however, that he acknowledges his greatest debt,

Garber who provided him with a house to live in near his in the Delaware Valley and who perhaps first trained his eye to sweep the valleys and the hills.

He returned from his European experiences with background enriched, but without the direct impress of mannerisms and styles that, through Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, Derain and Negro sculpture have tended to stifle for a while through over-enthusiasm the development of art individuality in this country.

Speight's creed is simplicity itself. He believes that "the thing to paint is that toward which you have a real emotional response," and that what that may turn out to be is conditioned entirely by what a man has been taught, by the direction of his instinct and the degree of his intuition.

All that he asks of life is the privilege to paint. The poetry of environments that he weaves into the fabric of his landscapes is the warp and woof of his sensitive emotional reaction to contemporary life. Always you think of him as on a hill, or at a high window looking down and across and up. There is a slant to his sunshine, his roads, streets and railroad tracks. He has been known to hire a house at no small expense because, in the middle of winter, he wanted to paint a particular view to be had from an upper window, and did not relish the delays imposed by inclement weather.

Such is the essence of Speight's art, with its wisps of poetic contemplation and its never militant sympathy. His is the vision of the poet, not that of a reformer, and in the maturity of his career he is expressing in terms of paint what, as a boy, he thought to say in words.

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PHILADELPHIA GARDENS

(Continued from page 287)

which only age can capture and seems to be peculiar to the places of an especial type of landowner. It is both rare and to be treasured and it has been jealously guarded and preserved in a number of places near Philadelphia.

In more recently planned gardens flowers and house are on more intimate terms, yet the surrounding fields are tied into the design with equal insistence. Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe Cheston have done this in a very characteristic manner at Sandy Run, their place at Oreland, Pennsylvania. The perennial garden stretches out from the house, with broad flagstone paths on either side, each between two beds. A low stone wall surrounds the garden, holding it from the lower lawn on the right and enclosing the upper level on two other sides. The lawn itself slopes down to a stream where there are lilacs and beds of iris. Apple trees stand in the garden proper as well as in the surrounding lawn. Two box bushes frame a pathway to the fenced-in orchard opposite the house. Here is the point which gives this garden its particular quality, for it is not only an entity in itself but a part of the farm lands and hunting country which are its background. Further, it is the connecting link between the house and the less formal fields.

beyond. The rightness of its conception makes it seem inevitable here.

Other cherished phases of the Philadelphia landscape are the woods and streams which cover it in profusion. Often these are planted and cared for so that they become as intimate a part of the place as any actual flower beds. Wild flowers grow in considerable profusion here. Blood root, quaker ladies, anemones and many others are familiar sights in the spring. Rhododendrons thrive in the damp soil and many of them have been transplanted from the more mountainous regions of Pennsylvania. Mertensia, daffodils, narcissus and iris need only to be planted once to come up with rewarding regularity. Mill Creek is one of the streams which runs through many lovely old places in Ardmore, on the Main line. Perhaps one of the most typical is that of Mr. and Mrs. Stacy B. Lloyd, whose terrace overlooks it. In a locale that is very thickly settled the surrounding trees and the winding valleys and hills give the impression of complete remoteness and privacy.

No resumé of types of horticultural interests in Philadelphia could be complete without mentioning a rock garden. The hills and the abundance of water lend the proper background because essentially a rock garden must be on many varying levels and, the more water it has, the better for its health and aesthetic charm. Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford Rosengarten, at Villa Nova, have kept their rock garden quite apart from the

house and from the formal garden. A winding driveway runs from the road to the house and, on its left, climbing sharply up a hill, the stone steps and unevenly terraced beds have been set. Evergreens punctuate and make accents in the lower growing rock plants which grow in such profusion that they create just that impression of profligacy most desired by the gardener.

But Philadelphians also have their more formal, potted gardens. Indeed, there are those who, well versed in the use of potted plants, confine themselves almost entirely to these kinds of flowers. From the greenhouse, or even from hot bed or cold frame, can come a vast array of succession of bloom which can be moved about or changed at will. Almost any season is more easily controlled and its nefarious designs on plants thwarted by this use of pots. In addition, the actual containers themselves can have a definite decorative value. There is great variation in the way they can be grouped as to color, shape, size and design. Potted plants are particularly successful in the hot Pennsylvania summers when the perennial borders begin to look ragged and burned up. The fact that tubs and pots are easily moveable makes it possible always to give their contents enough shade.

Some Philadelphians have had the good judgment and some the good fortune to save the evidences that even the suburbs were once a part of the farming country. Old barns, with the native stone well weathered, have many of them been pre-

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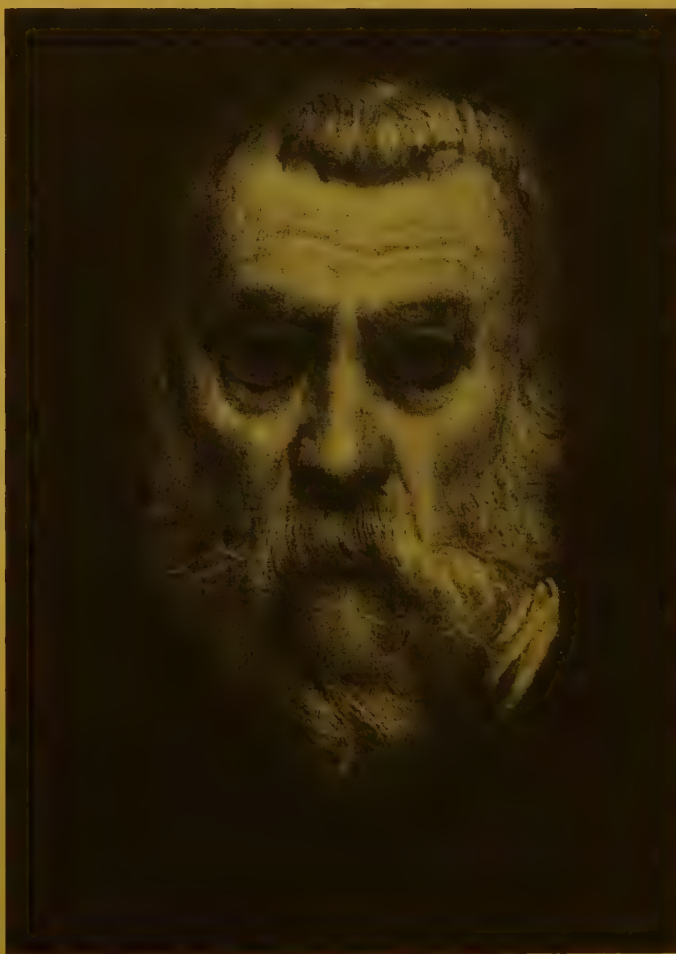
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served intact or partially. One particularly effective one has been turned into the background for a swimming pool. Its long aisle, where the stalls were, and its dirt floor make a cool place in which to sit. Its aged façade adds dignity to the rectangular and modern bit of water.

Other barns have been used, or parts of them, in the making of walled gardens. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Cadwalader, for example, have created a flagstone courtyard garden, redolent with warmth and intimacy, by allowing the old walls of the barn to enclose it. Little has been done to the masonry. In one place it is even apparent where a set of stairs has been because the plaster has been left just as it was when the steps were torn out. Part of the wall has crumbled away and its uneven edges have been left untouched. Every available crack in the flagstone floor has been crowded with rock plants. Box bushes stand against the wall and wistaria hangs over its top in rich profusion. There is a lusciousness about this garden, a tranquil, shut-in feeling which only its background could give. While this quality is intensely personal, it is also common to other gardens in this locality.

Whether a garden be old or new, large or small, perennial annual or rock garden, it seems always to reflect its owner. Perhaps it is because these Philadelphians are a homogeneous group that their horticulture shows a certain unity. There are countless variations as to the type and kind of their gardens but each seems to share a common denominator, a settled well used, deeply loved look. Doubtless the climate and the surrounding country have somewhat to do with this feeling. Whatever the combination of causes, the result remains. Philadelphia gardens are, as all good gardens should be, mellow and full blown.

WANTED: COMPETITIONS FOR FEDERAL BUILDINGS

(Continued from page 267)

The result of a denial of the competition method is glaringly shown by the Jefferson Memorial, which probably will again be presented to Congress this session. Here a government commission was given wide authority to prepare plans for an important memorial. Instead of holding public hearings, the Commission proceeded on its own discretion to decide upon a memorial building for a man who believed in doing things the democratic way.

The Commission chose one architect to execute the design. The reaction of Congress was a clear indication that something was wrong. A recent report of the Commission, which hardly changes any of the original objections, indicates that we have not used the best method in selecting this architectural design.

The legislative success of the measure I have before the House, as well as the successful operation of the measure itself if put into operation, now depends largely upon the architectural profession and interested individuals.

LETTERS

Mr. Kimball on the Jefferson Memorial

To the Editor:

A great American—sometimes I think the greatest—is on the point of being commemorated in Washington in a noble and appropriate manner. Around the frieze of his memorial, I trust, may run his words: "I have sworn on the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Not alone by his Virginia statutes which freed the land; not alone by his exclusion of slavery from the Northwest Territory, which ultimately decided the issue of the future War of Secession, and thus freed the body; not alone by his Virginia statute for religious liberty, which freed the soul of man—by his insistence on the amendment of the Constitution to include the Bill of Rights he assured us, in the Nation, freedom of speech, press and assembly, and is truly the father of our American liberties.

Suggestions have been made that the Memorial should serve some utilitarian purpose. It is the universal experience that in such cases the utilitarian side soon dominates over the commemorative, even to the extent of completely effacing it. Experience leaves no doubt that the memory and fame of Jefferson will best be served by a monument of abstract character, as in the case of Washington and Lincoln.

In the central design of the City of Washington as established in 1901 by a plan developed by men of the highest gifts—a plan extending the first design of L'Enfant to take into account the subsequent filling of the Potomac flats—two new local sites were created to the west and south of the Washington Monument, corresponding to those of the Capitol and the White House on the east and north of the Monument. One of these has been devoted to Lincoln; the other, recognized from the beginning as the site for a major memorial, has been allotted to Jefferson.

It would, indeed, be possible to find more remote sites which the future growth of the city might render of comparable importance, and such sites were duly canvassed, but the view prevailed that these other sites would be more suitable to future subjects of commemoration, and that Jefferson should receive the remaining place of honor in the area devoted to the founders of the Republic.

The design of 1901, the merits of which have commanded the guardianship and adherence of public bodies in the intervening generation, proposed for the western site a monument of cubical mass, happily realized in the Lincoln Memorial. For the southern site it proposed a work of contrasting type—a domed monument suggested by the Roman Pantheon, itself a form admired among all others by Jefferson, the father of public architecture in the Nation. This idea, in a new embodiment freshly conceived by an artist who was a master of abstract form, is adopted for the Jefferson Memorial.

It may be contended that the day of the classic in American architecture is over. I count Frank Lloyd Wright a close personal friend. Long before I knew him, in 1917, I took occasion, for the first time in a general history of architecture, to celebrate his work as one of the great architectural creations of our age or of any age. Here is the difficulty of turning from the classic in the case of a memorial such as the one to Jeffer-

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son: The present trend in architecture is toward functionalism. Its best results are achieved when there is a practical function and a specifically modern function to express in modern materials. That is not the case with a monument. In general, the efforts to get away from tradition in monuments have been lamentable failures—witness the Völkerschlachts-Denkmal, the English War Memorial at Ypres, the Hindenburg Monument. Wright himself says that it is impossible to build a monument—and indeed it seems to be so under the guiding principles of the contemporary movement in architecture.

It may be contended that there should have been a competition to select the design, or even that there should still be one. Actually the problem of competition is very different in architecture from what it is in painting and sculpture, owing to the complexity of the practical conditions surrounding an architectural problem. I know there have been successful architectural competitions, but I doubt if they were successful in instances where the complexities were as great, and where it was so requisite for the architect to be in constant contact with the client and with other government bodies. That it was so in this case, is well shown by the need of having from the architect ten or eleven designs to meet the suggestions (constantly varying, I may say) of such bodies. Certainly if the Commission of Fine Arts, or its present Chairman, now advocate competition in this case, that is something totally at variance with any suggestion from them in the past three years as to the matter of selecting an architect. Mr. Charles Moore, then Chairman of that Commission, originally urged direct selection of an architect and Mr. Gilmore Clarke and his colleagues repeatedly stated that they were quite satisfied with direct selection and with the choice made.

I realize that we also have a sculpture problem, and there we have much in mind the advantage which could accrue from competition.

In considering for three whole years the problems involved, the Jefferson Memorial Commission, from the very beginning, constantly invoked the advice and assistance of other commissions concerned with such problems. Its first act, on organization in April, 1935, was to invite the Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts and of the National Capitol Park and Planning Commission to sit with it, and they or their representatives, often numerous, attended every subsequent meeting prior to the moment of final decision. Drawings of every design, as prepared, were forwarded to the Chairman of the

Commission of Fine Arts, and it was the constant effort of the Jefferson Memorial Commission to secure the informal opinion of the Commission of Fine Arts at every stage, before taking official action. The three Commissions were unanimous in agreement on the choice of site. Although a Pantheon scheme was the one proposed from the beginning for this site, no objection whatever was voiced to it by representatives of the Commission of Fine Arts—including Mr. Clarke, its present Chairman, who participated in the deliberations of the Jefferson Memorial Commission at its meeting of April 2, 1937—until September of last year, following a change in personnel.

Subsequently no less than four designs were made particularly to meet the views of the Commission of Fine Arts. The only one to meet with their approval was one made, on the dictation, rehashing the motive of the 1926 proposal for a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt—a very different personality, and a design now relevant only as a garden feature of Potomac Park. The course of public action adopted by the Commission of Fine Arts is totally at variance with the traditions of their Commission, which has only advisory power. It is very destructive to the influence of the Commission which has always recognized it must accomplish its results by persuasion. Rushing into the press with the plaint that their prestige will suffer unless their advice is followed in every case will accomplish nothing. There have been many cases when it was not followed, but where they had the wisdom to keep still. What they demand in effect is an absolute veto power. If Congress had wanted to give them that they would have done so. Moreover, as is well known, the Federal art project would have found them an insuperable stumbling block if they had had such a veto.

Here is the fundamental situation. There are many people who want to kill any memorial to Jefferson and will use any handle to do so. Now Jefferson should be the patron saint of all concerned with public support of art in America and we must not allow the only concrete proposition honoring him to be defeated on any pretext. The proposals to change the site, change the design, have a competition, will merely result in delay and in defeat of the whole proposal. I deeply believe in creation as the essence of art. I am very sympathetic with the effort to end the "petrified forest" of columns in Washington, but I feel, in view of Jefferson's own strong feeling about the classic, that the Jefferson Memorial is not the place

(Continued on page 318)



The 1938 version of a memorial to Jefferson from the Office of John Russell Pope. Compare last year's design, shown on page 200, Magazine of Art for April, 1937. The new design failed to pass the Fine Arts Commission. Congress grows wary. Is the dome doomed after all?

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(Continued from page 316)

to begin. Let us carry out the proposal for the Memorial which has the full approval of the President, in a spirit of pious respect for Jefferson traditions, and then let us turn to the task of infusing the architecture of Washington henceforth with modern character.—FISKE KIMBALL,

Member, Thomas Jefferson
Memorial Commission.

Although Mr. Kimball presented much the same argument in briefer form in his letter in the *New York Times* for Sunday, April 17, the Magazine is pleased to pay him the courtesy of

printing the longer letter in the interests of fairness. When national issue in the arts arises it is only fitting that both sides be included in the record. Mr. Kimball seems to offer the nearest obtainable thing to a statement of the point of view of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission which has been under fire, on and on, for over a year.—EDITOR.

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(Continued from page 265)

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A MUSEUM OF COSTUME ART

(Continued from page 277)

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MAY EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 320)

Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan, 460 Park Ave.: French Drawings & Paintings; May 2-28.
Uptown Gallery, 249 West End Ave.: Judson J. Briggs Paintings at Loyalist Front; May 2-27.
Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Mabel Hooper La Farge; to May 9.
Judson Walker Gallery, 38 E. 57 St.: Rare Prints by Kaethe Kollwitz; May 2-June 4.
Feyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Ave.: Water Colors by Adolf Dehn; to May 7. Sculpture by Dorothea Greenbaum.
Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: Frank Duveneck; to May 15. 1938 Summer Exhibition; from May 18.
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Smith College Museum of Art: Paintings & Drawings by Cyrus Stimson, Jr.; to May 9. Work by Marion Wakeman; May 9-23.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Pennsylvania Museum of Art: Renoir: Later Phases; to June 20.
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA
Carnegie Institute: American Sculpture; through May. History of English Paintings; May 10-June 12.
PORTLAND, MAINE
Sweat Memorial Museum: 39th Annual Photographic Salon; to May 8.
PORTLAND, OREGON
Portland Art Association: Modern French & German Paintings; to May 15.
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
Rhode Island School of Design: Oriental Textiles; to May 8.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: Paintings from Helen Frick Collection; through May.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

San Francisco Museum of Art: Prehistoric Rock Pictures; to May 14.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: Etchings by Anders Zorn. California Water Color Society. Mielziner-Whistler Stage Design. Paintings by Anna B. Stone, Myra Wiggins, Elizabeth Warhanik. English Gothic Rubbings. Carkeek Collection of Wedgwood. Room Designs; to June 5.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Springfield Museum of Fine Arts: Work by Glen C. Henshaw; to May 10. Photographs of New England Architecture; May to Sept.

STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA

College Art Gallery: 3rd Annual Exhibition Central Pennsylvania Artists; May 1-15. Index of American Design; May 15-30.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum of Art: 20th Annual Exhibition Works of Toledo Artists; May 8-29.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery of Art: Water Colors by Katherine Langhorne Adams; to May 22. Swedish Tercentenary Exhibition; May 6-30.

U. S. National Museum: Etchings & Mezzotints by Frank A. Nankivell; to May 31.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Wichita Art Museum: Paintings by Russell Cowles. Wichita Art Ass'n Spring Exhibition; May 18-June 30.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts: Delaware Water Color Show; to May 6. Paintings by Howard Pyle; May 10-16.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Annual Exhibition the Art Alliance; to May 22. Oil Paintings by Polish Artists; to June 5.

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MAY EXHIBITIONS

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: First John Sloan Retrospective Exhibition; to May 18. Prehistoric Rock Paintings; May 23-June 19.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

Cayuga Museum: Paintings by Regina Gates.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum of Art: Courbet & the Naturalistic Movement. Development of Naturalism in 19th Century Graphic Arts; May 3-29.

Walters Art Gallery: Academic French Painting, 19th Century. Through May.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Museum of Fine Arts: Japanese Landscape & Figure Screens; to May 22.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Techniques in Chinese Art. 18th-Century American Pewter. American & European Samplers; to June 5.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: 2nd National Print Show & Contemporary Swedish Prints; to May 22.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Fogg Art Museum: The Horse in Art; to May 20.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute: 17th Annual International Exhibition of Water Colors, Drawings, Pastels & Monotypes; to May 30. Architectural Models in Miniature.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: 45th Annual Exhibition of American Art; to May 29.

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Pomona College: Oil Portraits by Ejnar Hansen; May 7-21. Oils by Thomas Beggs; May 21-June 4.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: 20th Annual Exhibition Cleveland Artists & Craftsmen.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center: 19th Century French & American Paintings. Colorado State Children's Art Project. U. S. Camera Salon.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts: Goya Prints; May 1-29. First No-Jury Exhibition; May 12-31.

DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Art Institute: Paintings by Waldo Peirce. Etchings by Heintzelman. American Circuit Show. Dayton Society of Etchers. 60 Prints from Zeiss Ikon Exhibit.

DENVER, COLORADO

Denver Art Museum: Pastels by Lucile Stinson. Oils by H. V. Skene. Photographs by Ellett Shepherd; May 1-15. Oils by B. J. O. Nordfeldt; May 1-31. Colorado Mountain Club Photography Exhibit; May 16-31.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Detroit Institute of Arts: Frobenius Collection of Rock Pictures; to May 16.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: Belgian Exhibit. Old Silver from Garvan Collection; to May 12. International Photographic Exhibition; May 12-26.

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Greenwich Public Library: Annual Spring Show Greenwich Society of Artists.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Washington County Museum of Fine Arts: An American Group; May 19-June 5.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Wadsworth Atheneum: Soby Collection Contemporary Art. Sculpture by Anna H. Huntington; May 1-22.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Museum of Fine Arts: Annual Exhibition of Students' Work.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Kansas City Art Institute: Portraits by Kurt de Pantz. Abstractions by Frederick Kann. Paintings by John W. Orth.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Paintings by Max Beckmann, Lovis Corinth, Andree Ruellan. Work by Kansas Artists.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Museum: 19th Annual Painters & Sculptors Exhibition; to June 12. Artists West of the Mississippi. Festival of Allied Arts, Scholarship Section; May 8-30.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Mills College Art Gallery: Graphic Arts; to May 25.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Art Institute: International Water Color Exhibition; May 5-June 5. 5th International Photographic Salon; May 2-15. Contemporary Swedish Prints; May 27-June 13. Steuben Glass; May 2-30.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Minneapolis Institute of Arts: Paintings by Alex Iacovleff; to May 15. Work by Minneapolis School Children. Flemish Gothic Tapestry.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Montclair Museum: Selected Paintings from National Academy Exhibition; May 4-29.

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

Hackley Art Gallery: Newspaper Photography.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Cooperative Gallery: Lithographs & Drawings by Hubert Davis. Portraits by American Artists.

Newark Museum: Art of India & Persia. Contemporary New Jersey Artists. Swedish Tercentenary. American Folk Paintings. Silver. Lace.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery, 52 W. 8 St.: Paintings by Emptage; to May 7. Paintings by H. Cohen; May 8-21.

Architectural League, 215 W. 57 St.: 52nd Annual Exhibition; to May 12.

Arden Galleries, 460 Park Ave.: Sculpture by Nathaniel Choate; to May 14.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Paintings by Alice Shinn & Florence Smithburn; May 2-14. Nat'l Ass'n Women Painters & Sculptors General Exhibition; May 16-July 1.

Artists Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Review; to May 15.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Modern French Paintings.

Boyer Galleries, 69 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Contemporary Americans.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Drawings & Sculpture by Kaethe Kollwitz.

Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings of the Coronation by Jean de Gouton; to May 9.

Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57 St.: Recent Paintings by John C. Pellew; to May 7. Paintings by Alice Neel; May 2-21. "30 Artists Look North from Radio City;" May 23-July 16.

Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56 St.: Paintings by Camilo Mori, Basil Marros, Mary Rodman. Period Furniture Reproductions by Joseph Incorvaia.

Durand-Ruel, Inc., 12 E. 57 St.: 19th & 20th Century French Paintings.

Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57 St.: Paintings from WPA Easel Division; to May 11. WPA Murals; May 24-June 16.

Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: Norman Mason, to May 8. Water Colors by Hardie Gramatky; May 2-15. Work by Lauren Ford; May 9-22. Water Colors by Tom Craig; May 16-29.

Grant Studios, 175 Macdougall St.: Paintings by Mordi Gassner, Albers, Gower, Avey & Rappleye; to May 9.

Marie Harriman Gallery, 61 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Thomas Donnelly; to May 7.

Kleemann Gallery, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Americans; May 2-31.

Kraushaar Gallery, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Randall Davey; to May 14. Paintings & Water Colors by American Artists; May 18-June 4.

Lilienfeld Galleries, Inc., 21 E. 57 St.: Old & Modern Masters; through May.

Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Furman J. Finck. Water Colors by Philip von Saltza; to May 9. Group Exhibition; May 10-31.

Pierre Matisse Gallery, 51 E. 57 St.: Recent Paintings & Gouaches by Joan Miro; to May 7.

Metropolitan Museum, 5th Ave. & 82 St.: French Domestic Silver; May 18-Sept. 18. Paintings by Walter Gay; to May 29.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Oil Paintings by Isaac Soyer; May 3-21.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Paintings by American Artists; through May.

Montross Gallery, 785 5th Ave.: Pastel Sketches by Louise R. Farnsworth; to May 7. Arthur Schneider's Group; May 9-21. Paintings by Vincent Pizzitola; May 23-June 4.

Morton Galleries, 130 W. 57 St.: Water Colors by 20 Artists.

Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67 St.: Oils & Water Colors by New York Artists; to May 29.

Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49 St.: Modern Primitives; to May 30.

New Art Circle, 509 Madison Ave.: Group Show, Old & New; to May 28.

New York School Fine & Applied Art, B'way & 80 St.: Annual Exhibition Student Work; May 13-16.

Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58 St.: Modern Primitives of Paris.

Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries, 683 5th Ave.: Paintings by American Contemporaries.

Reinhardt Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Vincenzo Colucci; to May 14. Sculpture by Laurence Tompkins; to May 21.

Schaeffer Galleries, 61 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Old Masters.

Sculptors Guild, Park Ave. & 39 St.: Outdoor Sculpture Exhibit.

Marie Sterner Gallery, 9 E. 57 St.: Paintings & Water Colors by American Artists.

Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Joint Distribution Committee, Contemporary Art Exhibition & Sale; to May 7. Paintings by Katherine Lovell; May 2-14. Paintings by Allen Newton; May 9-21. Paintings by Laura Mills; May 16-28.

(Continued on page 319)

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